HUMANE LEARNING IN A CHANGING AGE:

ESSAYS IN HONOR OF ROBERT F. DAVIDSON

edited by

Ronald H. Bayes, Harry Harvin and W. D. White

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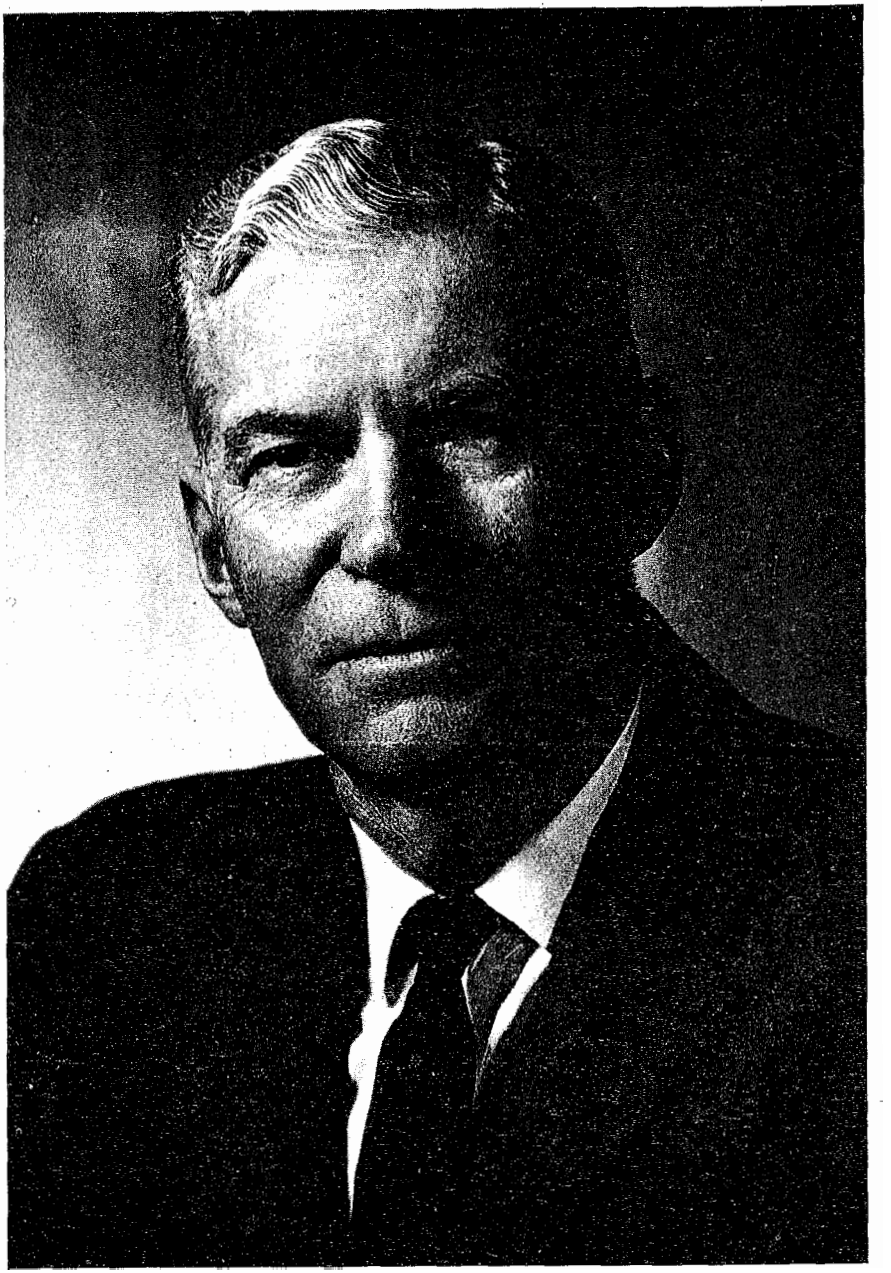
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Dean Robert F Davidson

FOREWORD

When in the fall of 1970 President Donald J. Hart announced to the St. Andrews community that Dean Robert F. Davidson would retire at the end of the academic year, many of us immediately raised the question of what we might do in a concrete way to show our personal affection and professional respect for the man who, more than any other single person, had been responsible for translating the St. Andrews idea into institutional form. We were therefore delighted when the President suggested that the faculty write a *Festschrift* in honor of the Dean. This modest publication is the result of that suggestion.

What we have tried to do is bring together a series of essays that would be suggestive of the Dean's own educational theory and work, and that would indicate something of the St. Andrews idea of undergraduate education. The contributors to the volume, chosen largely because of their long association with Dean Davidson and the college, have not addressed themselves to scholars and specialists; rather, they have written for a wider audience of thoughtful men who are concerned with humane learning for undergraduates.

The introductory biographical essay by Robert F. Davenport attempts to capture something of the force of the Dean's unique combination of idealism and pragmatism. The essays on liberal learning represent the thinking of individual faculty members concerning the importance of the classics, biblical comprehension, black literature, and innovative science studies in the life of a contemporary college. They also reflect emphases that are characteristic of St. Andrews. The next section includes essays on discrete topics in the humanities, several of them suggesting the inter-disciplinary concern that is a basic quality of the St. Andrews curriculum. Finally, the closing section of prose fiction and poetry indicates the commitment of the college to creative involvement in the arts, a commitment which the Dean has been largely responsible for.

John Henry Newman once spoke of a university as "an assemblage of learned men, zealous for their own sciences," who "by familiar intercourse and for the sake of intellectual peace . . . adjust together the claims and relations of their respective subjects . . . and learn to respect, to consult, to aid each other." Hence is created a pure and clear atmosphere of thought and an intellectual tradition, the end of which is a "habit of mind which lasts through life, of which the attributes are, freedom, equitableness, calmness, moderation, and wisdom." The Dean has throughout his tenure kept before us the ideal of such illumination and enlargement of mind.

No collection of essays, however popular in statement or esoteric in learning, could adequately suggest the variegated contributions of the Dean to the emergence of a St. Andrews that commands our respect and enlists our loyalty. But these essays are offered to him as a gesture of our personal affection and our continuing appreciation for what he has done amongst us to foster humane learning in a changing age.

W. D. White
St. Andrews Presbyterian College
Laurinburg, North Carolina
Lent, 1971

I The Dean

THE DEAN:
AN EDUCATOR'S COMPLEMENTARY MODES

Robert F. Davenport

The editor of the Davidson College annual for the class of 1923 both reflected on Bob Davidson's undergraduate experience and afforded an omen of his future: "Dignified and unassuming, but with a perpetual smile which makes a friend of everyone he meets, Bob climbed steadily upward on the ladder of prominence." An excellent student, Bob displayed his intelligence and his wit in a Salutatory address which his brother recalls as a "memorable one."[1] The speaker punned and quipped his welcome to the guests by identifying the various canines which had "dogged" the graduates' four baccalaureate years, until, by his own admission, the audience was "dog-tired" of his "doggerel." But the telling theme for predicting the dimensions of his future profession was the speaker's point of departure. He identified (in Latin) the two inscriptions which marked the entrance to Roman houses: "Be in health," and "Beware of the Dog." Therein lies a hint of the aspiring educator's future outlook. Had the Dean's office door been so-inscribed, many errors of faculty and student judgment might have been avoided over the years. There is, in truth, only one rule of primary significance to one's professional or academic standing in relation to the Dean, and it has never been written until now: "Never assume that something funny is going on just because the Dean is chuckling."

No one who has known Bob Davidson would fault either his commitment to innovative education or his grasp of the relation of innovation to excellence. Yet, anyone who has worked with him knows that his realistic appraisal of the difficulties involved in reforming institutions sometimes gives a serpentine quality to his means of achieving goals. This unique complement of ends and means was given un-

witting expression in a newspaper announcement of his appointment as Dean of the Faculty at St. Andrews Presbyterian College in 1962. The account noted that he came to St. Andrews at the zenith of a remarkable career as teacher, author, and administrator because of the college's avowed commitment to integrative liberal arts education. But in a rare instance of unknowing editorial wisdom, an adjacent story was headlined: "Rare Snake Replaces Dead One." If the account of his appointment reveals the continuing warp of the Dean's commitment to educational experimentation, the parallel headline counterpoints the woof of his oft-times calculated methodology.

In possession of two keys anticipatory of his future, Phi Beta Kappa and Omicron Delta Kappa, Bob left Davidson to become a teacher at the McCallie School in Chattanooga. As an undergraduate he had signaled his intention to study for the ministry by placing himself under the care of Bethel Presbytery in his native Chester, South Carolina, but his entry into Louisville Presbyterian Seminary was delayed for two years. Then, Bob's tenure at Louisville was to be interrupted by his selection as a Rhodes Scholar in 1926. The Oxford B.A. was awarded in 1928 by the Honour School of Theology, Christ Church College, enabling Bob to by-pass the Bachelor of Divinity degree on his return to Louisville and to receive the Master of Theology from that institution in 1929. He was ordained by Louisville Presbytery in 1931. In 1933, after completing the residency requirements for his Ph.D at Yale, he received the M.A. from Oxford.

That bare outline of educational comings and goings ignores some clues to the nature of the man which are reflected in more personal reports. While he was serving churches in Chattanooga, a column in the newspaper noted that he was a

> most delightful person—tall and athletically built and (he would blush to hear me say it) handsome though most modest and unassuming. He plays a zipping game of tennis and on the golf links he

> can dig up as much turf as anyone. We don't know what kind of preacher he is but we do believe him to be a real he-man whose character will give conviction to his work.

During his stay in Chattanooga, the teacher-preacher met Eve Carlton, a lovely young member of the girls' Cotillion. While he did not dance, and she had little interest in church, other qualities so attracted them to one another that he sat on the back row and watched the dancers and she too sat on the back pew and watched the young preacher. Those who know and love Eve can readily appreciate a note struck in the announcement of the couple's engagement: "Miss Carlton is one of Chattanooga's most beautiful girls and she has enjoyed enviable popularity in the younger social set in the city." The young couple was married at Oxford in 1928. A more comprehensive treatment of our subject would dwell more on Eve's gracious qualities as wife, mother of three sons, proud grandmother, hostess, and effective advocate of progressive social and political causes.

In the educational period telescoped above, the juxtaposed modes of the scholar's professional life were taking shape. In a letter to his brother from Louisville Theological Seminary, where he was both finishing his master's work and serving as a junior faculty member, Bob wrote:

> We have just been going through the most interesting conflict over one of the members of the faculty here ———, thoroughly inadequate on the account of age and undesirable disposition. He has refused to get out. [Progressive faculty] have given me the attractive place as their representative. . . .This has been a good experience. I just hope that you and I when we become old fogies will not be as blind as these are today.

Then, as now, when a clear choice between institutional health and individual needs had been identified, the individual was well advised to "Beware of the Dog" (and the smiling young scholar). Yet Bob's commitment to the experimental and the educationally innovative also informed his

early professional decisions. Upon completing his master's work, after a brief tenure at Hiram College, he accepted a teaching position at Southwestern at Memphis, a co-educational college of the Presbyterian Church, U.S. Reflecting on that decision, he expressed in a personal letter the conviction that the college was "a southern institution which appeals to me much more than Davidson would right now. I think it's moving ahead much faster." At Southwestern, he was Associate Professor of Bible and held the Albert Bruce Curry Chair from 1931 until 1933.

In 1933 Robert returned to Hiram College in Ohio where he spent the next ten years as Professor of Philosophy and Christian Ethics. During that period he completed his doctoral work at Yale University, and published his first book, the first major study in English of Rudolf Otto. This book brought Otto to the attention of the scholarly world in the English-speaking countries. During this time he also wrote numerous articles on the general theme of the empirical study of religion, and on educational reform (see bibliography). In 1940–41 he was a Fellow at the University of Chicago in the Cooperative Study in General Education, where a life-long commitment to general integrative studies came to inform the content as the Oxford tutorials had come to inform the method of his educational philosophy.

From 1943–46 Robert taught in the division of philosophy at Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri. These were the war years, and he served as an Educational Consultant to the Army Air Forces Institute from 1943 to 1945. By this time, it was clear that Robert's early intention to enter the ministry had been supplanted by a career commitment to liberal education. Thus, he requested of Louisville Presbytery that he be allowed to demit the ministry. The presbytery responded affirmatively with a letter expressing its esteem for his work. Robert's continuing interest in the church was reflected in a 1941 article which appeared both in the *Christian Century* and in the *Association of American Colleges Bulle-*

tin.[2] Robert affirmed his conviction that the church-related college was a viable institution even as he called on it to appropriate the best of progressive educational theory to its essentially theological task. In that article one of the two modes we have identified is revealed in a note of Niebuhrian realism: "In college administration as elsewhere. . .it is extremely difficult for the perfectionist to deal realistically with the recalcitrant features of group life." The commitment to innovative academic programs is revealed in a charge that colleges of the church had not experimented with their programs in a manner comparable to such institutions as Sarah Lawrence, Bennington, or Black Mountain. Robert's later attraction to St. Andrews is anticipated in an italicized call for "*a program of general education designed to implement effectively the Christian philosophy of life.*" In remarkable consistency, an address delivered in March 1971, entitled "The Christian College--Myth or Menace?" pressed these same themes, informed by references to Kant, Niebuhr, and Hutchins.

In 1946 Robert took the step into academic administration which would give him a prominent place among his American educational compeers. He was appointed Chairman of Humanities in the University College of the University of Florida in Gainesville. The challenge was significant. The great influx of veterans was about to begin a period of unprecedented growth in the University. The small liberal arts college model which had so thoroughly informed Robert's experience had to be replaced by a grasp of the problems of educating over a thousand students in a single required humanities course. The tutorial ideal would be difficult to realize. The ability of the average student, typically bound toward engineering, business, or agriculture, would be limited; and his interest in the humanities would be considerably less than that of most students in a good liberal college. Rapid growth and bureaucratic red tape would complicate the realization of progressive educational ideals.

It is a measure of the depth of Robert's commitments and the breadth of his abilities that students in a university, which by state law had to accept any graduate of a state high school, were exposed to a two-semester required course which provided an introduction to both ancient and modern literature, philosophy, and the arts. Not only so, necessarily large lecture sections were secondary to tutorials of twenty students, supporting art exhibits and music listening sessions. In an article on the program in *The Journal of General Education,* Robert notes, "We have committed ourselves resolutely to the principle of integration [of disciplines] and have moved toward its achievement with growing success."[3]

It was during the Florida years and in conjunction with the humanities program that Robert achieved national reputation as an author. Among several books which he either authored or co-authored, the most significant was *Philosophers Men Live By. PMLB* (as we students called it in the course, complaining all the while at the legendary wealth the author was amassing at our expense) was a book so specific to the needs of students being introduced to philosophy in a mass educational setting, that it enjoyed numerous printings and use in over 150 different colleges. The book ingeniously and palatably combined biographical data on the philosophers with scholarly treatment and critiques of their works. In the years before the paperback revolution made consideration of primary sources possible for masses of students, *PMLB* served a valuable function, and it continues to be a valuable secondary resource.

Of all the actions which marked the tenure of Ansley C. Moore, St. Andrews' first president, none was more wisely calculated to serve the needs of an institution in quest of an educational identity than the appointment of Robert Davidson as Dean of the Faculty at the end of the college's first year of life. The career whose highlights we have reviewed was to enhance our reputation immeasurably. The Dean's contacts with some of the most significant educational minds in

the country appropriated their wisdom for our growth and development through his well-planned use of their visiting consultations. His experience in a number of highly visible liberal arts colleges, his commitment to integrative education and the tutorial ideal, his valuable administrative experience in sixteen years at Florida, and his understanding of the relation of college to church were to combine to provide St. Andrews with leadership which has insured its remarkable growth as a quality institution through the decade of the Dean's service. His abilities and reputation have played no small part in attracting a quality faculty and in maintaining the generous support of the church and numerous national foundations.

More particularly, however, the two modes which we have identified as informing the Dean's philosophy and methodology were clearly specific to the potential ills of an infant institution. Together with his deep appreciation of such issues as academic freedom, the Dean has taken student responses to courses and regulations quite seriously. His life-long espousal of progressive general education has supported our development of core integrative programs in the sciences and the humanities, both of which have attracted national recognition. In an interview for a newspaper profile of him in 1968 the Dean stated:

> I was strongly attracted to St. Andrews. . .by the promise of its new curriculum with its strong interdisciplinary characteristics and its Christianity and Culture core. This program has already enabled us to attract and retain a much stronger faculty than would have been available under the older system of excessive departmentalization. A curriculum of this type calls for more faculty cooperation, and probably makes a dean's job harder, but at the same time more worthwhile.[4]

If the Dean's job has been harder, his particular administrative perspectives have served him and the college well. The Dean has enabled St. Andrews to translate often naively idealistic avowed goals into realistic programs well-staffed

by able teachers and administrators. While those students and faculty who failed to "Beware of the dog" would likely demur, the record of his tenure suggests that "Be in health" is the most pervasive sentiment the Dean has applied to the institution's needs. As his retirement faces us, together with the irony that a man of sixty-nine has yet to show a single sign of reduced energy, insight, or commitment, the college's prevailing awareness is how fortunate we have been to have captured so rare a snake.

While the demands of the St. Andrews' years have obviated his scholarly production, the Dean's recognition continues. In 1969, he was honored by his *alma mater,* Davidson College, with an invitation to deliver the annual Phi Beta Kappa address. As part of South Carolina's Tricentennial celebration, he was named a distinguished citizen, representing that state on a trip to England.

In the article quoted above, the Dean noted of his impending retirement, "I hope to be able to retire and devote much of my time to writing. The more leisurely pace may seem strange at first, but I think I'll fully enjoy it."[5]

His faculty colleagues and those students who have been privileged to know the Dean trust he will enjoy his retirement. We have long thought he would write another book. In it he can share his valuable educational ideals, but he could entitle it *The Dean,* with the assurance that it will take its place on the shelf by *The Prince* as a handbook of wise and creative academic administration.

Be in health, Dean, but Beware of the Dog.

II Essays On Liberal Learning

THE CLASSICS AND CONTEMPORARY CRISES

Malcolm C. Doubles

Dr. Robert F. Davidson, Dean of St. Andrews Presbyterian College, established himself as one of America's leading interpreters of the classical humanist tradition with his publication *Philosophies Men Live By,* a widely used introductory text. In this work, Dean Davidson includes accounts of many of the different classical philosophical positions and their continuing influence upon men in today's world. It is the aim of this essay to further emphasize the underlying assumption of the work of Dean Davidson, that modern positions reflect classical ones. No finer tribute can be paid a scholar than to show the continuing importance of positions previously argued by him.

As popularly understood, "The Classics" comprise a study of the earliest great cultures of the Iron Age in the Mediterranean world, namely those of Greece and Rome. Since Christianity is usually considered to be a part of the continuing Roman "scene" the Old Testament is sometimes included, thus adding the study of the culture of the Levant to the ordinary classical curriculum. When perceived in this way, virtually every human crisis of import is found to have its roots in what is normally termed "The Classics" and this for a simple reason: the advent of the Iron Age provoked a radical change in man's understanding of himself, a change already visible in the earliest writings of this age, Homer's *The Iliad* and the earlier documents of *The Old Testament* (the Yahwist and Elohist traditions, following Wellhausen's terminology). This change can be succinctly described as a radical move to anthropocentricity, in stark contrast to the mythological orientation current in the Bronze Age.

Man's understanding of himself during the Bronze Age, until about 1200 B.C., is seen in the great myths from Mesopotamia (like the *Enuma Elish*), the Pyramid Texts and the

Coffin Texts from Egypt, some of the Ras Shamra Texts from Ugarit (like *Baal and Anath*), and the source strata of materials found in Hesiod's *Theogony*. In all these materials, extending as they do from Ionia to Persia and Egypt, man is seen to understand himself in terms of what we have learned to call his "cosmological conviction."[1] In this framework, the cosmos is perceived to be the society of the divinities, and man's place in this society is and must be one of accommodation to these divinities. The meaning of this is conveniently summarized by Cornelius Loew:

> It [the *cosmological conviction*] had at least five major facets: (1) there is a cosmic order that permeates every level of reality; (2) this cosmic order is the divine society of the gods; (3) the structure and dynamics of this society can be discerned in the movements and patterned juxtapositions of the heavenly bodies; (4) human society should be a microcosm of the divine society – it should be organized and governed like the macrocosm; and (5) the chief responsibility of priests and kings is to attune human order to the divine order.[2]

Only faint echoes of this type of thought appear in even the earliest of the classical documents. The significance of *Fatum* or *Moira* in *The Iliad* is a debatable question precisely because it seems to reflect some such conviction which is no longer a viable concern in Greek society. In a similar manner, the statement that "From heaven fought the stars, from their courses they fought against Sisera" (Judges 5:20, RSV) appears quite strange for precisely the same reason. In both Greek and Hebrew literature, man occupies the stage, and *Moira* or the stars can only be understood as anachronisms.

Two examples of such anthropocentricity, one from each culture, will suffice to illustrate this radical difference. In the Hebrew scriptures, the so-called second account of creation (Genesis 2:4bff) forms the introduction to one of the earliest strata of material. Here Jahweh is portrayed as

creating man as a being in all essentials like himself, save for mortality and knowledge, elements available to man but prohibited by the powerful one. But the point of the story of the fall is that even "knowledge" has now become a part of man's dominion, so that only mortality separates him from that status which up to that time had been called "divine." Thus is introduced the question to which all the Hebrew scriptures address themselves: how is man to live successfully in a world where only mortality separates him from the divine, where the scene of the action is history rather than the society of the gods?

The most striking example of the redefinition of divinity to be found in *The Iliad* occurs in Book V, lines 375–80:

> Aphrodite the sweetly laughing spoke then and answered her:
> 'Tydeus' son Diomedes, the too high-hearted, stabbed me
> as I was carrying my own beloved son out of the fighting,
> Aineias, who beyond all else in the world is dear to me;
> so now this is no horrible war of Achaians and Trojans,
> but the Danaans are beginning to fight even with the immortals.'
> (Lattimore's translation)

Here too the great difference between man and divinity is seen to be mortality, while the scene of real action is perceived to be the arena of history, where mortals and immortals interact.

It is then no accident that the climax of each tradition, rooted as each is in a fundamental redefinition of ethics, should be highly anthropocentric. For western man, the climax of the Hebrew scriptures is seen in Jesus the Christ, defined by the western church as Son of God and Son of Man. In other words, divinity is defined in terms of humanity. Aristotle also distills the idealism of Plato into the archtypical man, not subject to the laws which govern lesser mortals but essentially above them and more powerful than they. Humanity and human society, not divinity and divine society, are seen to be the proper and only possible human concern.

That such a conclusion appears to be at home in the contemporary world is simply a reflection of the fact that

our current self-understanding is one that developed with the advent of the Iron Age as men began to realize the latent possibilities opened to them. That such an anthropocentric orientation is open to the wildest kinds of distortions is also testified to by current crises, of which none is of greater moment than the ecological. That the study of "The Classics" would seem to be a fundamental concern of education is a conclusion apparently valid so long as man retains this kind of anthropocentric orientation.

EDUCATION FOR REVERENCE: A TRACT FOR OUR TIMES

W. D. White

Perhaps never before in American life has there been so much passionate discussion and general ferment concerning higher education, its philosophy and aims, its nature and form, its role and function. After enjoying a post-sputnik boom, with ever-expanding budgets drawing enormous sums from federal and state resources, the churches, business and industry and the great foundations; with massive waves of war-babies clamoring for admissions; with constant demands from an expanding culture and economy for ever-larger numbers of graduates with professional, technological, and other expertise – after enjoying such health and vigor for over two decades, higher education is now in the 70's faced with a radically different situation.

Economic considerations have forced a halt to most expansion. Retrenchment if not actual cutting back is the order of the day. The professional mobility of faculty and administrators is markedly reduced. Graduates are faced with limited if not bleak job opportunities Colleges and universities are competing sharply for support and for students Many institutions, prestigious as well as mediocre, large and small, private, public, and church-related, are operating with deficit budgets.

These urgent pragmatic problems are forcing higher education to intensive self-examination, indeed to raising fundamental ideological questions all over again. Most thoughtful observers acknowledge that we face a basic "identity crisis." This crisis adheres in a whole complex of factors related to the rapid development of highly specialized knowledge demanding a multiplication of esoteric disciplines, with the resulting splintering or fragmentation of learning. Perhaps this fragmentation is inescapably related

to the gradual erosion in the West of any unifying principle for education either in metaphysics or in values or in any other commonly-held ground. There is also a growing disillusionment, whether yet fully conscious or not, with the easy and optimistic assumption that truth, however conceived, will free men – an assumption that simply has not lived up to its promise. Doubtless the crisis in American higher education is but one expression of the wider cultural crisis which thoughtful men agree the West is in.

Such a situation as we now face is fraught with great danger; but it is also pregnant with possibility. The debates arising from it augur well for the future and should be welcomed, particularly by liberal colleges of the church. For the question put sharply is quite precisely: "What is your reason for being?" The issue is basically whether colleges of the church can define clearly for themselves a distinctive and constructive vocation. Unless they can do so, there is a genuine question whether the church should be so heavily committed financially and otherwise to higher education. My thesis is that we *can* talk intelligibly, and intelligently, about a significant vocation which in our present cultural situation the liberal college of the church seems peculiarly capable of assuming. But this role is not self-evident, and perhaps it has not yet been fully discovered or articulated. I intend here to make a tentative beginning toward clarifying what seems to be a significant line of approach to the question. I propose that the most significant contribution to humane learning that can be made by the liberal college of the church is to rediscover and bring again into cultural prominence what Paul Ramsey of Princeton University has referred to as "biblical comprehension."[1]

The business of the liberal arts college is to transmit, criticize, enlarge, and develop the "best that has been known and thought." In the western world a considerable part of this has been biblical understanding. By "biblical understanding" I mean two things. First, I mean the sheer

ability to understand the Bible, in its historical, literary, philosophical, and religious dimensions, as these have shaped the minds of men and influenced human affairs. And also by this phrase I refer to the insight, illumination, and comprehension that may result from perceiving the world of nature, the affairs of men, human society, spheres of culture, human valuations, hopes, and destiny, with minds and sensibilities informed by biblical perspectives, religious and humane. *This* is the significant historical element most lacking in contemporary American liberal education. What this means, in brief, is that central aspects of the heritage of our humane tradition, which only a short time ago were debated and communicated in field and tavern and market-place and lecture hall are now quite unintelligible even to many of our greatest scholars, and have simply dropped out of our wider cultural consciousness.

This loss of biblical comprehension as an indispensable element in liberal learning has occurred largely because of a complex of distinctly American ideas, and confusions that have arisen in the historical working-out of these ideas. Our grand experiment in the complete separation of church and state has had vast educational consequences for the public colleges and universities. As it has worked itself out historically, this notion has contributed sharply to the loss of biblical understanding. Educators in state institutions failed to make a clear distinction between the *study* of religion and the *practice* of it. This confusion bred a suspicion that finally drove the study from an independent place in the curriculum, and left the practice isolated from the rest of the community. Even private colleges and universities for the most part followed this same pattern, despite their not having to wrestle with the church-state problem. Furthermore, the seminaries of the churches, once integrally a part of liberal colleges and universities, removed themselves organically and physically (as well as culturally) from more inclusive communities of learning, or sprang up independent

of them, thereby tending to become theological ghettos. Finally, the colleges and universities of the church, despite keeping the disciplines of religion in the curriculum, often confused their function. Frequently such studies were dominated by narrow sectarian interests and became evangelistic and apologetic arms of the church, with the professors cast essentially in the role of chaplains. In such a misunderstanding, even the institutions of the church failed to keep alive the expansive, humanizing possiblities implicit in biblical comprehension. Given this complex of historical developments, it is no surprise that American higher education allowed studies in religion virtually to drop out of the curriculum as an element of liberal culture and as one of the humanities.

This hiatus in liberal learning has done incalculable damage to the possibilities that education might be genuinely humanizing. For the loss of biblical understanding means the loss of the conception of reality as God-centered; and we are discovering that to lose the conception of reality as God-centered means that we shall shortly lose the possibility of knowing it as man-centered. Modern western culture is unique in that it is the first in human history which men have attempted to erect apart from living religious foundations. Every civilization hitherto known to man has emerged as the concrete embodiment of or the actualization in history of some deep religious impulse or idea. But our contemporary culture has either self-consciously or by default lost its historic religious rootage. Hence the dilemma in liberal education is but one expression of a wider cultural dilemma.

We must see that if liberal learning is rooted only in the premises of contemporary liberal society, it will reflect the deep and continuing erosion of that liberalism. While serving the highest goals known to liberal men, it will nevertheless reveal the rootlessness and lack of purpose and direction of contemporary liberalism. As Paul Ramsey has observed, "It will simply reflect everything that is

missing of the true and expansive meaning of the heritage of the liberal arts. It will continue to reflect the darkening of the human sky in modern times, and the pulling in of man's horizons. It will know no more the full meaning of true humanism.''[2] For if in looking at the modern western world we are led at least in part to agree with the many who say this is a post-Christian age, who say that God is dead or at best absent, we must also in looking further say that this post-Christian age is a post-humanistic, a post-liberal, and a post-humane age. In this moment of western history, we must say that the death of God means the demise of man; that where God is absent, man is no longer fully human. A loss of feeling for the essentially human follows the loss of essentially religious feeling and conviction.

All this has deep implications for the college world, for in a post-religious age radical changes occur in the foundations of humanism and thus in the liberal arts. As Ramsey has observed, ''Truth becomes a property of propositions and no longer a metaphysical object of the mind's contemplation which men seek and serve in their being.''[3] With the dissipation of the religious spirit and premise, that which has informed all the cultural pursuits of western man before this age of practical atheism, the ''ontological bent'' of the mind is refused, the inner imperative of the intellect to grasp reality and to be immersed in being is rejected, and the objectives and values of liberal learning are called sharply into question. Beauty and goodness become thoroughly relative, matters of mere subjective taste, concerning which there can be endless disputing but no meaningful agreement or disagreement, and no really ultimate significance. The dominance of private judgment or idiosyncratic caprice reduces discussion to absurdity. When the liberal arts cease to be revelatory of being, when they cease to strive toward the apprehension of the true nature of things, they cease to be significantly revelatory of the being of man. So the human pursuit of learning in the arts loses its purpose or

end; and simple awareness of all the great and varied qualities and forms of being, which has always been what liberal learning is chiefly about – *this* can no longer be regarded as the chief concern of education.

Any educational theory that rules out arbitrarily (or by default) the significance of biblical comprehension for the illumination of man's mind, or that rules out the possibility that whatever is so illumined *to* reason may be articulated and explained *by* reason, removes from view and from discussion a whole panorama of crucial matters integrally germane to humane learning. Remove biblical understanding, and you remove the possibility of speaking at all of charity and compassion, except by first misunderstanding these; you lose the possibility of understanding the nature of humility as in its fullness humility before God. Forego biblical comprehension and you give up seeing the dignity of the individual person as this may stem either from nature and nature's God, or from the act of God from all eternity resolving not even to be God without this particular man. Forget biblical understanding and you forget the meaning of hope as hope in God beyond all reasonable expectations. Also removed from view would be the role of the idea of covenant in marriage morality and law; the emergence of the western tradition of civilized and severely limited just war; the function of the idea that man lives in Two Cities and not only in one earthly commonwealth, a conception which is a bulwark against reducing man to the advancement of mere earthly causes (even good ones); the meaning of dynamic, creative, redemptive justice among the concepts of justice by which good men and good societies are measured. Apart from biblical comprehension, none of these concepts, and many others that could be named, can be adequately dealt with as questions of intellectual history or contemporary concern, since each can be shown to be rooted in the illumination of man's reason by biblical faith. But wherever serious engagement of such questions is joined, illuminated

by biblical awareness, *there* humane learning of a high order is happening; *there* is being effected the possibility of a root renewal of the western heritage insofar as it concerns itself with these issues.

Finally, we must see that in losing biblical awareness we are in danger of losing the conception that humane learning has the end ultimately of redeeming the lives of unique persons and freeing them individually one by one for a more fully human existence. Liberal education is meant to liberate men. But freedom is more than mere emancipation. As Rabbi Abraham Heschel has put it, in biblical understanding freedom is that dimension of man that "prefers truth to security, that maintains loyalty to truth even at the price of being in the minority. It is inner freedom that gives men the strength to forego security, the courage to remain lonely in the multitude."[4] It is primarily freedom of conscience bound up with inner allegiance. The danger begins when freedom is thought to consist in the notion that I can act as I please. "Its true essence is man's ability to surpass himself, even to act against his inclinations, in defiance of his own needs and desires. Freedom is liberation from the tyranny of the self-centered ego. It is openness to transcendence."[5] A liberal college of the church is predicated on the view that all men are potentially free. Our hope lies in the conviction that men are capable of sensing the wonder and mystery of existence, that all men have a capacity for reverence. Reverence precedes faith; it is at the root of faith. And all this is foundational in our humane western tradition. In our time we will not perish for lack of information; but we may indeed lose our civilization for want of appreciation. Education for reverence is a basic concern of liberal learning. Again Rabbi Heschel is incisive when he says, "We must learn how to bridle the outrageous presumption of modern man; we must learn how to develop an awareness that something is asked of men. Freedom is a burden that God has thrust upon us."[6] It is a gift to be *actualized* in *receiving* it. Freedom as

man's unlimited lordship is the climax of absurdity. The central issue we face today is man's false sense of sovereignty.

Here again biblical understanding is crucial; for the Bible sets before us the sovereignty of God, even his lordship in the liberal arts! It was biblical insight that made Calvin say that knowledge of self and knowledge of God are mutually interdependent forms of knowledge. And it was biblical comprehension that made a modern Roman Catholic scholar recently say, "In God's presence, man sees his own size; and the presence of God gives man power to do and to suffer as he cannot without God in view."[7]

In all this we have a clue to a distinctive vocation for the liberal college of the church. In dealing with the pressing issues of our day – in attempting to arrest the deterioration of the western world, in attempting to preserve peace and establish justice, in attempting to hold and extend freedom, and in attempting *to learn what to do with ourselves* once these are achieved – in all these, the liberal college of the church has a unique opportunity and responsibility. That vocation is to keep alive biblical comprehension amongst the liberal arts, to subject it to clarification and criticism, to enlarge upon it, and to bring it into creative contemporary articulation. This more than anything else holds the hope that we can find again what we have lost, a genuine sense of purpose. Would it be too bold to say that this is our peculiar task and calling right now? Can we continue, as it were, to surprise God; to sensitize a handful of fools who serve as a redemptive remnant and a purging judgment over against the whole? Is it just possibly true that only with such an emphasis can we learn again – not how to worship in the catacombs – but how in an inhuman world to remain thoroughly human?

THE HUMANIZING EFFECTS OF BLACK LITERATURE IN THE LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE

Grace McSpadden Overholser

The liberal arts college must be involved in curriculum change and revision and in continuing exploration of its goals and purposes for several reasons. Among the two most pressing are economic necessity and the probing questions asked by students today. That the two are related is obvious. That they may also contain within their equally apparent polarities the potential remedies looking toward a brighter future seems to be realizable in a totally unexpected way if changes and innovations in curriculum include one of the major requests made by students – adding black studies in literature and other fields which have too often been taught with little recognition of the rich contributions made by Negroes writing in English in America since 1746.

Today's students are sensitive to sharp differences in what is said and what is actually done by educational institutions, the government, the church, business, parents. They seem to be working from a set of assumptions about life and society different from the idealism which has always characterized youth and which was formerly treated as "growing pains." There is more intensity of feeling and a redefinition of what is possible from the standpoint of their assumptions about social priorities and their radically different expectations. Dissatisfied with analyses of society's ills, they insist that these can be cured and they set about finding ways to begin, seeing society not as settled and stable but amenable to change and furthermore, that the amount and direction of change is open.

When students ask that black studies be added to the curriculum they are seeking to correct a situation ignored by most colleges until very recently. Black students struggle for the implementation of black studies to equip them to re-

enter black communities and more effectively upgrade them with the help of new self-knowledge and racial appreciation. White students join forces with blacks because they want to speak out for equal opportunities and needed reforms. Black and white students, aware of their ignorance of black history and black literature ask, "Why have we not been given information about the contributions of blacks to all areas of American life? And what quicker and more effective way is there to close the gap between ignorance and fact, between prejudice and enlightened understanding, than through exposure to these materials?"

Many current professional journals have included articles dealing with the pragmatic details of setting up a black studies course in literature. Many bow in the direction of accommodation, using such phrases as "a liberal fad," "a conditioned response to militant blacks," or state that "curriculum revision for non-white minorities is sweeping the American system of education." Many sound defensive about such courses, explaining their integration into existing courses and justifying this patching, or making a strong case for them as separate, new-numbered courses for the support of professors who may see this as academically unacceptable material.

Whatever the reasons and however students, assisted by supportive faculty and administrators, are able to accomplish the inclusion of such courses, eventually the college must evaluate their academic integrity, the availability of resources, the quality of teaching, and the purposes behind introducing a new body of literature. Another important, but sometimes unasked question is, "What happens to students in their experience of such a course?" For the liberal arts college, such a question is particularly relevant. Is it a broadening, humanizing, personally engaging opportunity for growth and understanding in what it means to be a human being in today's world? It is in answering this question that new insights and possible solutions to some of the

problems in colleges today can be discovered.

After teaching two classes in Afro-American Literature and a related course in "William Faulkner and the Negro" with a total of just under one hundred students, both blacks and whites, I have been reflecting on what happened in these experiences. I am convinced that in making black literature courses available, we discover a significant aspect which benefits the institution as well as the individual and extends far more broadly than has been recognized. This aspect is the humanizing forces which grow out of exposure to black literature and history, which issue from the discussions between black and white students, and which develop from confrontations between persons.

Are such humanizing forces found only in black literature, and not in the prose fiction of other American authors like Eudora Welty, Flannery O'Connor, Sherwood Anderson, Robert Penn Warren, and especially William Faulkner, to pick only a few? Undeniably in such stories possibilities of getting to know people unlike ourselves are present. Insights gained from reading imaginative fiction can become the impetus for reaching out to others in a different way or of trying to bring about changes in situations we had viewed with indifference or blindness.

Students weaned on anthologies of literature which have excluded black writers raise some of the following questions. Why are we unaware of literature which has been around for 200 years? In view of racial changes in America, why does this continue? What can be done to remove the black-out on literature which may contain means of correcting ignorance and misunderstanding? In a class of black and white students reading and discussing black literature and sharing reactions, if there is a free atmosphere permitting sharp verbal encounters, allowing for rejection or acceptance of ideas, and encouraging mutual appreciation of viewpoints, changes take place within individuals which are both subtle and visible, and which overflow the classroom and affect the life of the

college community.

Exposure to black literature brings new insights. Whereas students, both black and white, have been led to revere a monochrome literature implicitly racist because it includes only white writers (with token bows in some cases to Langston Hughes and James Baldwin, perhaps), they now realize that the sense of what it is like to be black is complexly and abundantly conveyed in novels like James Baldwin's *Another Country,* or John A. Williams' *The Man Who Cried I Am,* and that it is like being put down into a whole new world to find historical and psychological justification for blacks feeling the way they do.

Karl Shapiro makes this point sharply.

> A great poet has been living in our midst for decades, and almost totally unknown, even by the literati, even by poets. Can this be possible in the age of criticism and of publication unlimited? It is not only possible but highly probable. Poetry today is an established institution which has many of the characteristics of a closed corporation. (One of the rules of the poetic establishment is that Negroes are not admitted to the polite company of the anthology.) Poetry as we know it remains the most lily-white of the arts. A novelist and pamphleteer like Baldwin is world famous: M. B. Tolson, easily the literary equal of any number of Baldwins, is less honored in his own country than the most obscure poetaster.[1]

A high tribute to a relatively unknown yet significant poet, unrecognized because, as Shaprio points out, he is "an Afro-American poet, not an American Negro poet accommodating himself to the Tradition." In effect, he is "the enemy of the dominant culture of our time and place."

Students discover that national professional scholarly meetings schedule few papers which deal with Negro writing. The hundreds of books displayed by publishers at these meetings contain with few exceptions no Negro writers.

That literary critics have their own means of discriminat-

ing against black authors is revealed as students attempt serious critical study of a black author or of fiction by black writers. Most black literary criticism is available only in black journals and is just now being collected. White literary critics debate with gravity and academic detachment whether black literature is admissable as imaginative literature, judging it primarily on the criterion of aestheticism, a literary evaluation which emphasizes the formal, artistically beautiful aspects of a work, subordinating ethical, human values and stressing form over content, technique over ideas.

This emphasis on a formalistic approach has resulted in keeping the doors closed to black writers portraying the realities of the black man in white society, and focusing on moral concerns and social issues which confront mankind today. A novel by a black writer which deals honestly and effectively with the problems of race without attempting to blunt the cutting edges of its message by sublimating it into a larger context of universality is considered propagandistic, and not to be judged seriously by literary critics adhering to the structures of aestheticism.

The effects of such binding patterns lead many critics, both white and black, to recognize these patterns as innately prejudiced, and as discriminating against literatures which deal with significant human experience and with ideas analogous to those of Thoreau, Dostoyevsky, Dickens, Steinbeck, and other great writers. Nick Aaron Ford, Professor of English at Morgan State College, suggests a new approach to evaluating black literature and also points out the effects of continuing traditional critical methods.

> I propose that all literary scholars and critics actively engaged in their professions seriously consider. . .the urgent need to revise traditional norms for evaluating literature. . .to include. . . explorations of the "black experience" by black writers,. . .To deny that a narrow prejudiced pattern of evaluation has existed. . .and does still

> exist, is to compound error with self-righteousness and arrogance and to invite the complete rejection of school and college literature by the brightest and most sensitive youths of this generation.[2]

Finally, it is in what it means when black literature is read and discussed openly and freely by black and white students, that humanizing forces which can act as creative catalysts for changes are to be found.

The particular period with which a course in black literature deals, or the professor's choice of representative texts from all literary genre, do not affect the possibilities of engagement and informed attitudes. A story like "Baxter's Procrustes" by Charles W. Chestnutt, describing a literary hoax perpetrated by a white man on his fellow members and not dealing with race directly, has a powerful shock through the satiric subtlety by which students perceive the use of intellectual grounds as a means of maintaining prejudices. Richard Wright's story of Bigger Thomas in *Native Son* strikes with emotional and literary power. The Bigger Thomases of America, and as Wright states, of the world, are a tragic aspect of all, black and white. But the Negroness of Bigger, a figure seen as archetypal through Wright's powerful writing, makes his story more than the tragedy of a man – its impact lies in the recognition that Bigger's problems as a person become more complicated because he is a black man. Students who have never been aware of the injustices experienced daily by most Negroes because of their color, are confronted by what it means to be black in today's white-oriented society and about the impossibilities of living as a human being.

Gwendolyn Brooks's poems describing the attempts by tenement dwellers in Chicago to find self-fulfillment in the midst of squalor and filth; the cries of frustration and rage in the poetry of Countee Cullen, LeRoi Jones, Don L. Lee, and Nikki Giovanni; the admirable attempts of the characters to find meaning in life in stories by Ralph Ellison, William

Melville Kelley, Ann Petry – these are expressions of artistic intensity by creative writers.

The black ghetto's value system, mode of living, economic problems, violence, and educational disadvantages are those of another world from that in which most white and many black college students have grown up. Experiencing them through imaginative and expository literature and learning from black students the nuances of meaning and of the accuracy of the work prompt insights revealing and tradition-shattering. But let the students speak for themselves.[3]

> I feel I can better identify with the black person or at least have an understanding unlike I had before reading this new literature and hearing black students talk about their own, very similar experiences.
>
> I have tried to learn about my heritage. I want to read about people and incidents and places that helped the black man realize that he too is human and deserves a place in society.
>
> I have gained some insight into feelings of contemporary blacks, and I believe it gives whites some criteria by which the understanding of blacks may emerge. For blacks this literature can furnish a foundation for and an understanding of oneself, some sense of security, and it can instill pride in being black.

Students' perceptions of hurt, and personal hang-ups, and the difficulties of being unable to say how one feels because he is afraid of what others will say, are handled by symbolic and personal reaching out to get beneath rationalizations and protective guises.[3]

> I learned how people act under strain; how people will cover up words deliberately so as not to offend others; how people say one thing and do another. I learned more about people that I live with on this campus. Most important was to see different attitudes and actions of both blacks and whites, which came out as we talked about the meaning of this literature.

> Black literature has revolutionized my insights into black people's quest for identity. I understand better their hatred for whites. I feel almost ashamed of being a part of the white experience, but I know it is time to forget what has happened and to work for a better future.
>
> I felt surprised at the lack of awareness on the part of whites. It also seems strange that they can read a book and the light of recognition shines forth. Where have they been all this time?
>
> For me now black is truly beautiful in spite of being hated and scorned. I feel that I am going to make it despite white's trying to hold me back. Thanks for asking me to write this for in writing I just realized these things.
>
> I can no longer sit on the fence. Speaking frankly with both races about the racial situation as it was shown in literature and hearing what black people are saying to us is a completely new experience. I look at people differently.
>
> The most valuable experience has been the increasing openness between people as well as discovering the beauty and excitement in this literature. I realize a little more clearly what has been happening to Negroes as they have progressed from slavery to where they are today, and that there is a lot to be done to bring whites and blacks together. I am puzzled and confused as to exactly what that is. I can try to be concerned for the black people and white people and I want to be myself with everyone and treat each person just as that—as a person.

Liberal arts colleges are concerned with helping man know where he came from, how he got to be the way he is, and to lead him to discover where he might like to go and how he might get there. The humanizing experiences of finding out what it means to be black, of being sensitive to people formerly unknown because of society's structures, and of openly and freely engaging in dialogue with people

are available in black literature. What may have been started as an accommodation or as a serious effort to rectify a vacuum in American literature studies suddenly becomes for all involved an eye-mind-and heart-opening experience into the variegated meanings of being human.

SCIENCE IN LIBERAL EDUCATION–A NEW URGENCY

G. Tyler Miller, Jr. and Robert A. Pedigo

In science as in other human activities, the speed of progress is less important than its direction. Ideally, knowledge should serve understanding, freedom and happiness rather than power, regimentation and technological development for the sake of economic growth. Scientists must give greater prominence to large human concerns when choosing their problems and formulating their results. In addition to a science of things, they must create a science of humanity.

Rene Dubos

What should be the role of science in liberal education? To many this is perhaps a tired old question debated in the heated but not always illuminating exchanges between faculty members encapsulated in their respective academic disciplines. The thesis of this paper is that this can no longer be merely an academic question – it is now one of the most urgent questions of our time. The purpose of this paper is to review how St. Andrews Presbyterian College has approached this question in developing a new method of science education between 1966 and 1971, under the academic leadership of Dean Robert F. Davidson.

Mankind is now in a critical transition period. We seemingly live in the midst of a crisis of crises. Something has gone wrong during the past few decades. Increased control over nature has not produced safety and peace of mind. As we grow richer materially, the environment grows poorer. Technological innovations create problems which require even bigger and more expensive technologies to counteract their ill effects. What we are beginning to perceive is that our situation requires a new set of survival rules. As the economist Kenneth Boulding put it, we have been living by "cowboy or frontier rules," and we must now discover and convert to "spaceship rules."[1]

In this critical transition period for mankind there are two major dangers, both related to the perception and understanding that the public and our leaders have of the nature and limitations of science. It is a truism that science and technology directly or indirectly affect almost every aspect of our daily lives and our culture. It has also become apparent that most citizens know appallingly little about this force that shapes our individual lives and our collective destiny.

One danger of a public ignorant of science and technology is that they follow the advise of blind technological optimists – those who say, "Don't worry, science will save us and lead us to the promised land." Although there are still far too many who have tended to make a god out of science and technology, there are already signs that the danger in the near future may lie in the other direction. As it becomes more and more apparent that there can be no purely technological cure for our complex social and ecological ills, an uninformed public may want to blame technology and science and perhaps even destroy the machines in a neo-Luddite revolution. The problem is not technology, but an unwise use of technology by an uninformed public. Even with our present technology, the optimum population on our fragile planet is probably about one billion people, at a time when we expect to have seven billion within the next 30 to 40 years. Without modern technology the optimum population would drop catastrophically to perhaps one quarter of a billion. In other words, while science and technology alone will not save us, they will be absolutely essential in helping us make this critical transition from maximum population to optimum population, without an utter degradation of life for most men on this planet.

It is in this context that we have developed a new approach to the study of science as a part of liberal education. Although we have expended considerable effort designing programs for science majors, we have been equally concerned

with the introductory course that is taught to all students at our institution regardless of their intended major. We make the basic assumption that both science and non-science students should at some time during their undergraduate career engage a course which provides them with insight concerning a few fundamental and significant ideas central to current scientific thought and which provides them with some perspective concerning the ways in which science is related to culture and society.

Three general approaches to introductory science courses have been developed in this country: the *disciplinary, multidisciplinary,* and *interdisciplinary* approaches. The idea that the way for the non-science major to learn real science is to take an introductory course designed for science majors still finds some adherents, but there is a growing suspicion in the science community that these courses represent a form of "scientific overkill," even for the science major. In recent years, a number of so-called interdisciplinary introductory courses have been developed, but on closer examination most should be labelled "multidisciplinary." In their poorest forms they represent a superficial survey of the physical and biological sciences; or they merely assign the chemist, physicist, and biologist approximately a third of the course to deal with their discipline. Each specialist teaches in almost total isolation from his colleagues. In their best forms, multidisciplinary approaches frequently involve two or three professors teaching their disciplines but with an attempt to relate them and to plan the course together.

The more difficult approach is the interdisciplinary course that attempts to deal with a small number of important scientific concepts in depth in a way that integrates these ideas across science and non-science disciplines. It is this approach that we have attempted to develop at St. Andrews. Furthermore, unlike most institutions, we feel that such an approach is valid for science and non-science majors alike.

We have eliminated the traditional introductory courses in chemistry and biology; all freshmen have a uniform introductory course entitled *Selected Topics in Modern Science.* In this course the entire year is devoted to developing three or four scientific concepts in depth and relating them across scientific and other disciplines and boundaries.

This approach has been developed over a five-year period using all members of our science faculty and a group of nearly 20 nationally prominent science consultants, most of whom served as full-time teaching members of our faculty for a two-week period. Our planning and experience have resulted in the establishment of three administrative and three academic principles. Administratively the course is team-taught, involving all members of the science faculty. The content of the course is changed in a regular pattern in order to insure continued self-renewal. Academically it is our concensus that the course should be interdisciplinary, treat a small number of concepts in depth, and involve an inquiry-oriented laboratory.

The main reason for establishing the above administrative principles was to avoid the problems we discovered as the frequent causes of failure in other such courses throughout the country. Most multidisciplinary and interdisciplinary courses seem to fail either for "political" reasons or because they were not designed for self-renewal. Frequently they are built around the "charisma approach," where one or two faculty members develop an interesting and successful course. Because the course depends almost entirely on these individuals, when they leave, die or get bored with the course, it disappears. Politically, if such a course is successful it draws good students away from other competing courses; and if the instructors are not senior members of the faculty, the course is frequently eliminated.

Using all of our science faculty as a teaching team has eliminated most of these problems. The problems of *ennui* and boredom are overcome by initiating a system for contin-

ually changing the concepts that will be used in the course. Although all of our faculty members teach a separate discussion and a separate laboratory section, only a portion of them are involved in lecturing. Individuals not lecturing in a given year have as part of their regular work the development of outlines and materials for new concepts to be introduced in the course at a future time. As a general rule, it is assumed that we will introduce one new concept each year, and that no concepts will be repeated for more than three or four years. This insures that the entire content of the course will normally be changed every four years.

Our reasons for adopting the academic principles cited above can best be explained by describing the course as it has been taught during the past two years. Four concepts, the quantization of energy, evolution, thermodynamics, and ecology have been treated, with considerable effort to relate them to the societal problems of pollution and overpopulation. The introductory lectures provide the student with an overview of the problems of the environmental crisis, followed by approximately six weeks of in-depth study of the idea that energy is quantized. Although this is an introduction to the ideas of the quantum theory, a qualitative approach is used so that students who lack the skills are not required to make use of calculus. On the other hand, the idea of quantization is carried to a depth that enables the student to appreciate the implications of the uncertainty principle, and the quantum idea is related to chemistry, spectroscopy, biology, philosophy, art and music.

The concept of thermodynamics is treated in a fashion very similar to that of quantization. The details of the relationship of thermodynamics and kinetics to chemical processes are developed to the extent that our students can make rough calculations of Gibbs free energy for several reactions and work to a limited degree with reaction rate constants. Following this, considerable time is spent relating thermodynamics and kinetics to everyday problems.

The relationships of entropy to information, poetry, literature, and the genetic code are considered. We go on to illustrate the relationship between thermodynamics and kinetics and the chemical reactions that take place in living systems, which makes it possible for a student to understand why it is that unusual reactions are possible in living organisms. The thermodynamic and kinetic feasibility of several key reactions involved in the chemical evolution of life are considered so that students have a more detailed understanding of the evolutionary development of the biosphere. Thermodynamics is continually related to the pollution and overpopulation theme that runs through the course by applying thermodynamic principles to ecological systems. The ecological crisis is presented as resulting from our attempts to ignore the limitations that the second law of thermodynamics automatically imposes on men living in a finite, closed system – Spaceship Earth.

The topics of evolution and ecology are handled in a slightly different manner. Ecology is also treated in depth to the extent that students should acquire a good understanding of the structure and function of ecosystems and be especially familiar with the contrasting ideas of mineral or chemical cycling and energy flow within an ecosystem. Effort is also made to use the topic of ecology to explain the relationship of science to society. Considerable time is spent in illustrating the unsound ecological practices that have been followed by man, as well as emphasizing the kinds of things that should be done in society to deal with the ecological crisis. During the last two years the topic of evolution has been treated in two ways: as a discrete segment of the course, and as a theme that is related to each of the other three topics discussed above. Our principal emphasis when discussing evolution as a separate topic has been to provide the student with contemporary interpretations of the evolution of man.

The laboratory work which complements this approach

emphasizes open-ended inquiry. Standard laboratory manuals and prescribed experiments have been replaced with a sequence of open-ended projects, each lasting from five to twelve weeks. During the freshman year all students carry out three projects. On the first day of the course, students are handed a test tube containing an unknown organic liquid and given five weeks to establish the identity of their unknown. In this project emphasis is placed on the measurement of physical properties as fingerprints in determining the identity of unknown substances. This is preparatory to a later project involving analytical determination of pollutants in a lake located on our campus. The remainder of the first term is devoted to a study of computer programming. Basic programming skills are taught and used to solve problems related to biology, chemistry, social sciences, and literary analysis. Thus all of our students, regardless of their major interest, have some introduction to computer programming by the end of the first term of their freshman year. An increasing number of courses in a number of disciplines are thus able to build on these skills.

The entire second term is devoted to a research project involving the determination of the types and amounts of pollutants in a 70-acre lake located on our campus. After carrying out a literature search, students devise methods to determine the identity and concentration of pollutants in the lake and to evaluate their effects on the lake ecosystem. At the same time other groups of students make similar measurements on artificial aquatic systems, polluted by known amounts and maintained in environmental growth chambers. Data from various student groups are combined and analyzed by use of the computer. Great flexibility is accomplished by allowing some students to attack the problems at a minimum level while encouraging more academically competent students to work on the problem at more sophisticated levels.

It is no more necessary for one to be a scientist to

appreciate the effect that science has had upon the history of our society and our culture than it is necessary for an individual to have written and published a novel in order to appreciate a literary masterpiece. Most college students do not and should not elect careers in science, but at the same time no individual can afford to be ignorant or naive about science. The President's Science Advisory Committee has made this point strongly:

> If an individual is ignorant of science he must guess what to do or else believe what he is told, thereby becoming the slave to the ambitious salesman who does his thinking for him. Unfortunately this is the predicament of most American citizens and it will not be otherwise so long as they remain illiterate about science and technology. Congress regularly appropriates huge sums for scientific research, technological problems, and engineering; yet a majority of the voters have little grasp of what it is all about.[2]

We fervently hope that in some small way the program at our institution can serve as one solution for a problem that has such profound implications for our future.

III Essays In The Humanities

THE UTOPIAN VISION

J. Rodney Fulcher

When Chad Walsh spoke about the movement "from utopia to nightmare" in a series of lectures delivered at the beginning of the 'sixties, he was commenting on the change in direction taken by the writers of utopian literature in the twentieth century. The pilgrimage from "the good place" of earlier utopian schemes to the "no-where" of recent dystopian worlds ends in the nightmares of 1984. The recent history of the twentieth century, with its chronicles of world wars and totalitarian states, has offered little hope for those who dreamed of better worlds in the utopias of the nineteenth century. The happy promises of that great Century of Progress, laid out in the blueprints of utopian planners, have found little fulfillment in the great Age of Anxiety.

What has happened to transform the dreams of Plato and More into the nightmares of Huxley and Orwell? The Guardians of the Republic have become the Big Brothers of 1984; the Island of Utopia, under the direction of the happiness-engineers, has become the Brave New World. There are no more reports from Raphael Hythlodaeus to tell about voyages to Utopia; there are only the bludgeoned confessions of Winston Smith screaming from Room 101 and cheering Big Brother!

A passing review of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and George Orwell's *1984* should be enough to persuade the most optimistic critic of the change in utopian literature. What is even more frightening than the changes in the world of utopian fiction, as interpreted by Chad Walsh, is the change in the world of contemporary history:

> If the utopian vision is no longer able to fire the imagination of many first-rate writers, if the future appears to them more as a tale told by an idiot than a saga of rational achievement, this may not indicate a deplorable failure of nerve on

> the writer's part. Perhaps he just happens to have a keen and agonized insight into the way history is moving.[1]

The utopian vision is something more, then, than the imaginative creation of literary fiction; the prophetic insight of the utopian writer glimpses the direction of his own society.

When Sir Thomas More drafted his account of a fictional society, presented from the reports of Raphael Hythlodaeus, he prefaced the narrative with an extended dialogue that makes up Book I of *Utopia* – the classic work in a long literary tradition. Both the dialogue and the narrative make it clear that More had in mind another island besides Utopia. The social criticism treating such questions as land enclosure, the condition of the poor, and capital punishment point to an island of Englishmen in the sixteenth century.

The imaginative construction of a utopian society, with its communal economy and military diplomacy, provides a model for comparison with contemporary English society. The only thing more ridiculous than using gold to make chamber-pots, More implies in his report on the use of that precious metal in Utopia, may well be using gold to weigh the value of men and property. This kind of indirect commentary becomes more explicit in the discussion concerning private property and communal living, which takes place between Raphael Hythlodaeus and Peter Giles toward the close of Book I of *Utopia,* in the challenge to put reason and experience to the improvement of contemporary society.

> "Yet surely," objected Peter Giles, "It would be hard for you to convince me that a better-ordered people is to be found in that new world than in the one known to us."[2]

The objection would be sustained by the more sober critics of More's *Utopia,* of course, those who saw in the utopian schemes of the New World an implicit indictment of the Old World and its social values.

The utopian vision, in other words, is bi-focal in its perspective: a close view of the present world offers

glimpses of a future world. The utopian thinker is able to project his vision of society in its reconstructed form against the immediate background of society in its existing form with all its faults and promises. His genius consists in his ability to construct imaginative projections of the latent good within his society into its idealized forms of a model utopia. Since the utopian world of his vision does not yet exist, it is his task to persuade others that such a world is both possible and desirable – at least more desirable than the world about them now.

The model society of the utopian vision is more than a mere fabrication from the stuff of impossible dreams. The utopianist is not a dreamer but a prophetic visionary. When he returns from his pilgrimages into the future, he brings a report about the good life that he found there. The double meaning of the term coined by Thomas More to describe such a society, *utopia,* may be construed from its Greek antecedents as both "no-place" and the "good place." When William Morris published his "utopian romance" in 1891 about life in a world without machines, he gave the title *News from Nowhere* to his account of the "good place" pictured in his utopian vision. It is this vision of utopia as the "good place" that reveals the faults of the imperfect society of the prophet's own time.

The purpose of this now-and-then perspective is dramatically demonstrated in Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* probably the best-known piece of utopian fiction in American literature, which indicates this double time dimension in the dates "2000–1887" attached as a sub-title to the work. When Julian West awakes from his deep mesmerized sleep in the year 2000, he discovers the astounding changes that have taken place in Boston since 1887. The problems of social and economic life, especially the plight of labor and the inequities of wealth, have been solved in this reconstructed socialist society. His conversations with the learned Dr. Leete, as well as his daughter, reveal the

character of these changes. "If I were to give you, in one sentence, a key to what may seem the mysteries of our civilization as compared with that of your age," Dr. Leete explains, "I should say that it is the fact that the solidarity of the race and the brotherhood of man, which to you were but fine phrases, are, to our thinking and feeling, ties as real and as vital as physical fraternity."[3] The principle of social solidarity has replaced the principle of radical individualism. Through his reports about life in Boston in 1887, climaxed in his nightmarish return to that world in the dream-ending of the novel, Julian West delivers a round of indictments against the social injustices of Boston in the nineteenth century. The prophetic vision of the Boston-Utopia in the year 2000 A.D. provides a new perspective on Bellamy's Boston in the year 1887 A.D. – revealed by "looking backward" from a future time.

The distance between the unhappy world of the present and the happy world of the future, viewed from the bi-focal perspective of the utopian vision, can be bridged by reconstructing the old society according to the blueprints of the new utopia. The utopian society is a planned society. The assumptions that man is rational and that society is pliable run through the course of utopian thought. The tacit faith of the Enlightenment in the reform of society through the use of reason finds its explicit statement in the utopian literature of the nineteenth century.

The grand utopian schemes envisioned during the nineteenth century provide the most eloquent statements of that century's faith in the doctrine of progress. The reconstruction of the social order according to the schemes of the French utopias proposed by Saint-Simon and Fourier demonstrate a supreme confidence in the rationality and goodness of man.[4] Nothing less than the failure of social experiment could shake their trust in the utopian vision of a better world.

The sobering observation of the narrator toward the conclusion of H. G. Wells' *Modern Utopia* offers sound advice to

the proponent of such utopian schemes. "It is good discipline for the Utopist to visit this world occasionally."[5] The interaction between reason and experience, as Wells contended, might provide some needed adjustments to the utopian perspective. It is this vision of the future, informed by social experience, that liberates man from his past.

Perhaps it is that willingness to visit the world that accounts for the balance and sanity of Wells' *Modern Utopia*. There is a refreshing lack of omniscience shown by "the owner of the voice" in his extended dialogues with his botanist companion. The prevailing interest lies in the discovery of all those "good earthly things" that go to make up a utopia, but there is also an extraordinary concern for social "failures" in this modern utopia.

If there is a consuming preoccupation in these lengthy discussions, interspersed with occasional narrative, it is with the quality of life in utopia that sustains individuality. Freedom of movement, the right of privacy, and the chance to love – all are regarded as essential to the development of individuality.[6] The boldest claim to freedom is asserted in that dream of a future world that frees men from the past itself. The agonizing cry of the botanist, hurled into the dialogue immediately before the abrupt return from this utopian holiday, punctuates the thought: "We are the scars of the past!"[7]

There is something ironic about this *Modern Utopia,* with its expansive proposals on freedom of movement and its means of travel, that ends with its spokesman caught again in the rush of people and vehicles in busy London traffic – talking to himself about his poor dreams of utopia.

The dreams of utopia turn into the nightmares of dystopia with the loss of individual freedom and the imposition of social control. The structures of such control may be shaped by the happiness engineers in Huxley's *Brave New World* or by the Thought Police in Orwell's *1984* with the same terrifying results – the assimilation of individual humanity

into the organism of the state. The price paid for social stability is individual freedom – the right to be wrong in a world that still holds a place for unhappiness.

There is no place in such a society, as Bernard Marx learns in *Brave New World,* for those marked by "unorthodoxy of behaviour." The solution to the problem of social control is found in genetic selection and environmental conditioning. Life begins in the test tubes at the D.H.C. in a world where "mother" is a term of blasphemy and sexual copulation is sterile. The primitive feelings of sexual passion, along with suffering and disease, have been sealed off in the Savage Reservations.

The introduction of John the Savage into the "civilization" of this antiseptic world dramatizes the emptiness of its sterile society. He can restrain sexual passion, whip his body into submission, and show compassion for the dying. When he finds temporary exile in an unused lighthouse, submitting to the disciplines of self-denial, he is discovered and harassed into the final act of suicide. His mindless tormentors celebrate the flesh in a frenzied ritual of sensuality. "O brave new world that has such people in it . . ."[8]

The inverted image of life in the dystopian novel presents something more than a negative statement on human values. The deliberate extension of this negative dimension of utopian society enlarges the reader's perspective on the meaning of human freedom and the development of individuality. He finds nothing but repulsion in the treatment of men in a world without freedom, compassion, and love – the harsh and terrible world of *1984.*

His compassion lies with Winston Smith, who struggles to survive as a free individual in a controlled society, in his resistance to the schemes of the Thought Police. Winston makes the discovery that, without a memory of the past, the external world exists only in the mind. When submitted to the tortures of thought control, Winston feels his mind ex-

plode into a "patch of emptiness."

There is also the terrible emptiness left by the betrayal of his love for Julia and the loss of the sexual passion that mutually confirmed their humanity. There is nothing left to fill that emptiness except the teaching of his tormentor, O'Brien, who forces Winston into submission to the logic of *doublethink:* "Humanity is the Party."[9] There is always the possibility that O'Brien's threat can turn all the dreams of utopia into the nightmares of *1984.* "If you are a man, Winston, you are the last man."[10]

When a man loses sight of the utopian vision, that holds before him images of a new world, he falls under the illusion of his own time. He might even come to believe that this particular configuration of external realities is the only world possible for him. To choose between freedom and happiness, to prefer social stability to individual humanity, to favor a sterile society over the struggle of human passion – such an act of surrender might well be the choices of "the last man."

CAMUS ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Catharine E. Neylans

Throughout his literary and journalistic career, Albert Camus wrote freely and openly on questions which were of concern to him, even if it meant speaking against established or official policies and opinions. Because of his willingness to speak out on what he considered significant issues, it is no surprise that in his *Reflexions sur la Guillotine* (1957) he expresses strong opposition to capital punishment.

Most of Camus' creative works, though not intended primarily as vehicles of expression for his ideas, do express and reflect his ideas. Evidently, his thoughts on capital punishment had been fermenting for quite some time as there are significant references to capital punishment or the guillotine in several of his fictional works: *L'Etranger* (1942), *La Peste* (1947) and *Les Justes* (a play first performed in 1950); occasional, less significant references occur from time to time in Camus' other works.

In this brief article, *L'Etranger* and *La Peste* will be discussed along with *Reflexions sur la Guillotine* to show Camus' thoughts on capital punishment. Meursault, the central character in *L'Etranger,* is condemned to the guillotine for killing an Arab in a beach fight. In *La Peste,* Tarrou who had arrived in Oran shortly before the plague broke out and had been keeping a journal of his observations ever since his arrival, tells Dr. Rieux something of his past life. Tarrou's relationship with his father, a lawyer, is significant in this account, and it is his father's attitude toward capital punishment which influenced Tarrou to leave home at the age of eighteen.

During most of his trial, which at times seems to be a travesty of justice, Meursault is not concerned with what is going on; but near the end he hears the prosecutor state, "I ask you for this man's head." (p. 1196)[1] When the verdict

is read to Meursault, the presiding judge tells him that he will have his "head cut off on a public square in the name of the French people." (p. 1199) When Tarrou was seventeen, his father invited him to come to court to see and hear him prosecute a case. The young Tarrou was greatly affected when he understood that his father "was asking for the death of this man in the name of the society and that he was even asking that they cut off his head." He had said only "That head must fall." (p. 1420)

After his sentence has been pronounced, Meursault is taken back to his cell in prison where he has to wait until his execution. Meursault has plenty of time to reflect during this period, and his thoughts are quite similar to those expressed by Camus in *Reflexions sur la Guillotine*. Among his first thoughts is the wish that he had read more of the literature on executions; instead he had read only casually whatever newspaper accounts he happened to see. Had he read more, he might have found at least one case of a condemned man who had been able to escape the "mecanique" of the guillotine. Once sentenced to the guillotine, a man has virtually no hope of avoiding the fate of having his head cut off; the whole process is a machine set in motion. Camus had originally used the term "mathematiques"[2] to show the rigidity of the formula. By contrast, Tarrou tells Rieux that after attending the court session and knowing that the man was condemned, he became interested in justice, death sentences and executions. (p. 1420) In *Reflexions sur la Guillotine* (pp. 1048 ff.) Camus uses actual examples of executions to illustrate that once a man has been convicted, it is finished and no changing of opinions or commuting of a sentence does the condemned man any good. Before writing *Reflexions sur la Guillotine* in 1957, Camus had read and studied the literature on capital punishment and could cite numerous examples from varying periods and countries. This is the literature that Meursault wishes he had known, and some of which Tarrou may have known.

As Meursault has time for reflection and reminiscence, he recalls a story his mother used to tell about his father whom he had not known:

> Everything definite that I know about this man was perhaps what Mama used to say of him then: he had gone to see a murderer executed. He was sick at the thought of going. He had done it, however, and on returning had vomited a part of the morning. My father disgusted me a little then. Now, I understood, it was so natural. How had I not seen that nothing was more important than a capital execution and that, in sum, it was the only thing truly important for a man! If ever I got out of this prison, I would go see all the capital executions. (p. 1201)

Camus, like his fictional character Meursault, lost his father before ever really knowing him. Camus opens the *Reflexions sur la Guillotine* with an account of his father attending an execution; there is considerable similarity to Meursault's recollection.

> A little before the war of 1914, an assassin whose crime was especially revolting (he had murdered a farm family including the children) was condemned to death in Algiers. It was a question of a worker who had killed in a kind of hot-blooded rage, but who had worsened his case by robbing his victims. The affair had a great notoriety. In general, people thought decapitation was a punishment too mild for such a monster. Such was the opinion of my father whom the murder of the children had outraged. One of the rare things that I know of him in any case is that he insisted upon attending the execution for the first time in his life. He got up in the dark to go to the place of the execution, at the other end of town, among a great throng of people. What he saw that morning he discussed with no one. My mother related only that he returned hurriedly, visibly shaken, refused to speak, lay down a moment and then suddenly began to vomit. He had just discovered the reality that was hidden

> under the great formulas with which one masked it. Instead of thinking of the murdered children he could now think of nothing except the quivering body that they had just cast on a plank to cut the neck. (p. 1021)

There is a faint echo of this story in *La Peste*. Whenever Tarrou's father secured a death sentence, "according to custom, he was supposed to attend what was politely called the last moments and which one must name the most despicable assassination." Tarrou continues:

> . . .I noted with a dizziness that my father had had to attend the execution [assassinat] several times and that it was on those days that he used to get up very early. Yes, he used to wind and set his alarm clock in those cases. (p. 1420)

It was on a day that his father had gone to an execution that Tarrou left home, apparently because his father was in no way repelled by witnessing the execution as had been Camus' and Meursault's fathers. In fact, the reader can infer that the elder Tarrou may have had a certain pleasure in attending executions.

As a contrast to M. Tarrou, Camus quotes in *Reflexions sur la Guillotine* from an actual confession made by a magistrate Falco, at the end of his career, about an execution he had attended:

> The only time in my career where I concluded against a commutation of the sentence and for the execution of the accused, I believed that in spite of my position I would attend the execution quite unmoved. Besides the individual was scarcely interesting: he had killed his little daughter and had finally thrown her into a well. Ah! following his execution for weeks and even months, my nights were haunted by this memory. . . . Like everyone else, I have been in war and have seen innocent youths die, but I can say that even before that frightful spectacle I never experienced the kind of bad conscience that I was experiencing before this kind of administrative murder that is called capital punishment. (pp. 1030–31)

From the quotation above, it is impossible to misinterpret Falco's feelings on the subject of the guillotine. Had Camus not shared these feelings, he would hardly have used such a quotation.

When Camus discusses the problem of capital punishment, he presents the whole gamut of the usual arguments for the system and then proceeds to demolish them. One of the strongest arguments is the old idea of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," the logic of which Camus destroys, declaring that a man sentenced to death dies twice. Once condemned, the man begins to die and before the actual moment of execution he is already dead. In *Reflexions sur la Guillotine* he notes:

> As a general rule the man is destroyed by waiting for capital punishment well before dying. One imposes upon him two deaths, the first of which is worse than the second, while he has killed only once. (p. 1043)

Meursault, in his period of waiting begins to lose interest in things even though he tries hard to keep himself occupied. Meursault does not like to be surprised by events; by trying to be prepared at all times, he lives in an agony of suspense alternating between hope and uncertainty. (pp. 1203–14)

In connection with Meursault's anxiety and suspense, it is quite appropriate to cite another passage from *Reflexions sur la Guillotine*:

> The devastating, degrading fear that is imposed on the condemned man for months or years is a punishment more terrible than death and which was not imposed upon the victim. . . . Torture by hope alternates with the terror of animal despair. The lawyer and the chaplain by simple humanity, the wardens to keep the condemned man calm, are unanimous in assuring him that he will be pardoned. He believes in it with all his might and then he does not believe in it. He hopes for it during the day; he despairs of it at night. As the weeks pass, hope and despair grow and become equally intolerable. (pp. 1039–40)

The advocates of capital punishment claim its value as an example and deterrent to would-be criminals. Camus maintains that with the secrecy in which executions are carried out (the last public one in France was in 1939)[3] with a very limited number of persons present, there is no way to use them as examples. Even the journalists who might write of them are content to say little or to minimize them. If, on the other hand, there were public executions and they received wide journalistic coverage, there is no proof that they would be effective as deterrents to crime.[4] Regarding public executions, Camus is sure of one thing; it is easier for the condemned man. "In this respect also it would be better for the execution to be public. The actor which is in each man could then come to the aid of the frightened animal and help him cut a figure, even in his own eyes." (p. 1043) This is doubtless the explanation of Meursault's last thought: "There remained to me to wish that there would be many spectators the day of my execution and that they would greet me with cries of hatred." (p. 1210) He could somehow, then, carry off the act.

While it does not seem likely that either Meursault or Tarrou is a representation of Camus, it has been shown that in *L'Etranger* and *La Peste* Camus expressed some of the same ideas on capital punishment which were to appear years later in *Reflexions sur la Guillotine*. Careful analysis of the statements in his fiction show that capital punishment was repulsive to Camus when he wrote the two novels and that his opinion did not change substantially by the time he wrote *Reflexions sur la Guillotine*.

DOING REVOLUTION IN AN AGE OF BUSINESS: JOHN DOS PASSOS IN THE NINETEEN-TWENTIES

Charles W. Joyner

In their preface to *The Humanities in Contemporary Life* Robert F. Davidson and his colleagues take astute note of the impact of social forces on our sense of values. "Every artist," they explain, "is deeply affected by the ideals, problems, frustrations, and anxieties of the society in which he works."[1] Collaboration between the disciplines of history and literature, therefore, should illumine the relationship between a man of letters and the social forces of his age and the way in which his literary imagination is conditioned by that relationship.

The literary career of John Dos Passos has been one of the most distinguished of the twentieth century. Indeed, Davidson and his colleagues aver, "Among novelists the most ambitious history of our era comes from John Dos Passos."[2] The most obvious influence on Dos Passos' sense of values was World War I. He served as an ambulance driver from June 1917 to June 1918 in France and Italy. After being dismissed from the Red Cross in June of 1918, he enlisted in the U.S. Army Medical Corps as a private and returned to France early in November, 1918. He wrote three novels about World War I: the first, *One Man's Initiation–1917*, was partly written while the war was in progress and completed immediately after his discharge; the second, *Three Soldiers*, was written during the following year; and the third, *Nineteen Nineteen*, the middle volume of his great trilogy *U. S. A.*, was written after the intervention of a decade. Many novelists have written of their war experiences; few have been constrained to do so three times.

Moreover, the major themes of his literary imagination, themes which have dominated not merely his war novels but all his works – the search for identity and the revolt against

the "System" – were shaped and honed to sharpness by his war experience, and were molded into literary expression by his initial attempt to make sense of his war participation.[3]

Despite the similarities of theme and subject-matter, however, there are significant differences between the relatively undistinguished *One Man's Initiation* and *Three Soldiers,* and Dos Passos' masterpiece, *Nineteen Nineteen.* No longer does the sensitive, alienated, nerveless autobiographical hero occupy the center of the stage, nor even share it with only two other soldiers; he is relegated to the impressionistic prose poems of the "Camera Eye" sequences. And the themes which Dos Passos developed in his first two war novels – the search for identity and the revolt against the "System" – are measurably more intense in *Nineteen Nineteen.* The search for identity is more desperate and more frustrated; the revolt is more radical. What accounts for the changes in treatment? At least part of the answer lies in the relationship of John Dos Passos to the social forces of the period 1922 to 1932.

The twenties was an age of business. Business dominated the economic and political life of the nation, and the confusion of its impact on the social order was embarrassly reflected in ballyhoo, increased lawlessness, and intellectual disillusionment. The intellectuals of the twenties prided themselves on having repudiated their middle-class culture, noting with distaste the middle class's conformism, worship of things, and compulsive addiction to work. Their attack was rooted in taste and morality and was aimed at society's smugness and hypocrisy. Dos Passos shared their disdain for smugness and hypocrisy, but his alienation cut deeper. Increasingly Dos Passos came to differ from most intellectuals of the twenties in his deepening revolt against the System itself. Many intellectuals turned left in the thirties, but Dos Passos trod a lonely radical path in the twenties.

A partial explanation for Dos Passos' early development

of a radical social consciousness is suggested in the muted verse of *A Pushcart at the Curb,* a slim volume of poetry he brought out in 1922. His sense of isolation and self-disdain is especially underlined in one of the poems:

> I have bruised my fingers on the windowbars
> so many lives cemented and made strong
> While the bars stand strong, outside
> the great procession of men's lives go past
> Their shadows squirm distorted on my wall [4]

His third novel, *Streets of Night,* published in 1923, adds another clue. Had it not been for the experience of the war, Dos Passos seems to be saying, he might still have been such an arid, nerveless aesthete as the characters whose unhappy lives he chronicles.

Dos Passos' extensive travels clearly added an extra dimension to his sense of values. His 1919–1920 Spanish interlude is described in *Rosinante to the Road Again.* His attempt at self-realization, so apparent in *A Pushcart at the Curb,* is even more strongly revealed in *Rosinante* in the dialogues of Telemachus, an example of the generic Dos Passos hero, and his companion Lyaeus. Telemachus is just beginning to break through the shell of his overly-refined, overly-aesthetic personality as Dos Passos writes in an increasingly sardonic fashion about such traits in himself.

The incipient change in the generic hero and in the author is clearly indicated in the essays dealing with Spanish society and culture. Dos Passos finds a kindred spirit of revolt against the "System" in the novelist Pio Baroja. Baroja subscribed to a philosophical anarchism with which Dos Passos was beginning to feel an increasing kinship. Baroja's "profound sense of the evil of existing institutions" [5] continued to exert a long-range influence on John Dos Passos.

The revolt against the "System" theme also pervades Dos Passos' next novel, *Manhattan Transfer*:

> Police, government, armies, presidents, kings . . . all that is force. Force is not real; it is illusion. The working man makes all that himself because he believes it. The day when we stop believing in money and property it will be like a dream when we wake up. We will not need bombs or barricades . . . . It's for the anarchists to strike the next blow. [6]

Jimmy Herf, the generic hero of *Manhattan Transfer,* like the earlier generic heroes, seeks a sense of identity through role-playing; but his identity-role is that of the worker rather than the soldier. He would like "to be dirty and handle coal all day and have grease in your hair and up to your armpits."[7] Using for the first time the panoramic view which became his trade mark, Dos Passos crowds all the turmoil, the noise, the cruelties and absurdities, the extravagant and irrelevant energy of New York into *Manhattan Transfer.*

In 1926 John Dos Passos joined with the communists in establishing a revolutionary periodical, *The New Masses.* In an age of business such as the twenties, he felt, the only organization with the slightest chance of accomplishing anything was the American Communist Party. He was far too anarchic, however, to share many of the Marxist preconceptions. He never joined the Communist Party, and his relationship with it remained a sensitive subject. He disliked the "fellow-traveler" label and maintained that he was "never exactly a fellow traveler with the Communists . . . although I tried to cooperate with them for a while." Eventually he accepted a description of a fellow-traveler as one who attempted to cooperate with the communists without being willing to submit to party discipline, adding "I was probably trying to wriggle out from under the label."[8]

Part of his reservations about communism dated from his visit to the Soviet Union only four years after the revolution. What he saw there convinced him that "communism in Russia is a dead shell." The most impressive thing in the Soviet Union, in his opinion, was the NEP's "untheoretical attempt

to conserve what's left of the old civilization." Both Communist and Tsarist Russia, he felt, "belong to the last generation, not to the men who have come of age in the midst of turmoil. It is they who will re-create Russia."[9]

Dos Passos wrote an editorial in the second issue of *The New Masses* stating what he felt the magazine should and should not be. "The word-slinging classes, radical and fundamentalist, are further from reality than they have ever been," he wrote. He was less interested in preaching to the masses than in making contact with them and learning their needs. "I don't think it's any time for any group of spell-binders to lay down the law on any subject whatsoever. Particularly I don't think there should be any more phrases, badges, opinions, banners, imported from Russia or anywhere else." In his opinion, there was "much more to be gained by rigorous exploration than by sitting by the sidelines of the labor movement with a red rosette in your button hole and cheering for the home team." He wishes to see "the tendency . . . to be more disciplined in thought than in action," as he described it, "reversed for once."[10]

Making contact with the masses became a major consideration for Dos Passos. "The problem that worried us eager beaver radicals at the time," he recalled later, "was how to reach a larger public. O'Neill and the Provincetown Players had opened up a path."[11] In 1926 and 1927 Dos Passos wrote and produced plays for the New Playwrights Theatre, and even helped design and paint stage scenery for its productions. The New Playwrights consisted of Dos Passos, his old friend John Howard Lawson, and his *New Masses* colleague, Michael Gold. Both Lawson and Gold were party members. The new theatre of the left, Dos Passos believed, "must draw its life and ideas from the conscious sections of the industrial and white collar working classes which are out to get control of the great flabby mass of capitalist society and mould it to their own purpose."[12] He declared that "It is the job of the new generation of workers in the

Theatre by giving visible plastic expression to mass needs and hopes and despairs to convince the labor audience that the theater can become a great universal rallying point in this country as it is in Russia, or China."[13]

In *The Garbage Man* (1926), produced under the title *The Moon is a Gong*, and *Airways, Inc.* (1928) Dos Passos attempted to put his dramatic theories into practice. In these plays he lashes out at the "System" – at the puritanical conventions of bourgeois American morality, at the ethics and manners of industrial America, and at what he regarded as the hostile spirit of life itself in the age of business.

In 1927 his sense of alienation from the dominant currents of American life was intensified by the martyrdom, as he saw it, of a fishmonger and a shoemaker. He became deeply involved in the Sacco-Vanzetti case as early as December of 1926, long before the massive army of American artists and intellectuals was marshaled in August of 1927. Dos Passos was more passionately engaged, and more deeply affected as an artist, by the Sacco-Vanzetti case than any other American writer. They were convicted, he wrote, only because they were "wops, aliens, men who spoke broken English, anarchists, believing in neither the congregationalist nor the Catholic god, slackers who had escaped the draft."[14] Along with such writers as Katherine Anne Porter, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and John Howard Lawson, he was twice arrested for picketing the Massachusetts State House.[15] He wrote an "Open Letter to President Lowell" of Harvard, a member of the advisory committee appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts to study the case; but it was too late. Sacco and Vanzetti were executed two days before the letter was printed.[16] Dos Passos commemorated their passing in a poem, "They Are Dead Now."[17]

As a result of his work with the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, Dos Passos was very popular in the Soviet Union, which he visited the following year. His reactions were as

mixed as on his first trip. "Was the poverty and desolation the ground being cleared for future building," he wondered, "or was it just the result of oldfashioned ignorant centralized oppression?" He was especially disturbed at the continuing existence of the terror, by then turned upon the followers of Leon Trotsky.[18]

As the great depression came upon America, Dos Passos urged the Marxists to widen their base of support by appealing to "intellectuals or liberals or petty bourgeoise" to understand communism and to remain at least neutral towards it rather than putting all communists in jail. In a moving appeal, he urged his fellow writers to leave behind the political irresponsibility of the twenties and exert themselves on behalf of humanity. "It's as though the carnage of the European war and the years following it," he wrote, "and the rapid mechanization of life had entirely dulled the imaginative response . . . that's biologically at the bottom of feelings of mercy and compassion."[19] What the Marxists really needed, he wrote, was a public-relations expert to give the business classes a better understanding of communism and to persuade them "to hate cruelty or tolerate the idea of change."[20]

Dos Passos began to admit to a rather reluctant envy for communist writers such as Michael Gold, who had been born "a worker rather than an unclassed bourgeois" like himself. He even admitted that he wishes he, like Gold, could accept what he called "the discipline of the Worker's Party,"[21] but such a discipline was impossible to one of Dos Passos' anarchic temperament. He found refuge in a heresy the Marxists called "American exceptionalism," which "enabled me to join in the protests of the various breeds of Marxists who were being more and more effectively regimented by the Communist Party without giving up my own particular point of view."[22] As the depression deepened, he reconciled himself to being, in his words, "a middle-class liberal, whether I like it or not."[23]

Between the publication of *The 42nd Parallel* in 1930 and *Nineteen Nineteen* in 1932 John Dos Passos was active on the political front. As chairman of the National Committee to Aid Striking Miners Fighting Starvation he accompanied a group of writers and journalists, led by Theodore Dreiser, to investigate reports of intimidation, starvation, and bloodshed in the coal strike in Harlan County, Kentucky. They found conditions even worse than they had imagined; but the mountain people made a deep impression on Dos Passos, striking a responsive chord in his search for American roots. Their "faces were out of early American history," he wrote.

> These were the gaunt faces . . . of the frontiersmen who voted for Jefferson and Jackson, and whose turns of speech were formed on the oratory of Patrick Henry. I never felt the actuality of the American Revolution so intensely as sitting in that church, listening to these mountaineers with their old time phrases, getting to their feet and explaining why the time to fight for freedom had come again.[24]

Dos Passos and others of the group were later indicted *in absentia* by a Harlan County grand jury under a Kentucky "criminal syndicalism" statute. Already skeptical of the communist role in the strike, his skepticism only increased when Earl Browder, head of the party's Central Committee at that time, urged him to return to Kentucky to stand trial. "There was something about the boss communist's sneering tone," he later recalled, "that made it a little too obvious that he enjoyed making monkeys out of the warm-hearted liberals." He was convinced that they "were treating the misery and revolt of the Harlan County miners with the same professional's sneer," and resolved in the future to be "a little more wary in my dealings with them."[25]

In 1931–32 Dos Passos reported the depression in a series of articles. In Detroit he contrasted Grand Circus Park, where men lay "out on the grass in a hundred helpless attitudes of sleep" with the suburbs, where "people with the

standard clothes and faces of the whitecollar class" sat around "sipping California wine and gradually, unhurriedly, talking."[26] In Washington he explored Pennsylvania Avenue. "On the Hill," he observed, "above its tall foundation banked with magnolia trees, the dome of the Capitol bulges smugly," while four blocks away "tired and frowzy" hunger marchers stroll up and down before "gimcrack stores, boarded-up burlesque shows, Chinese restaurants and flophouses." "I don't know what it is," Dos Passos reported, "but something to do with these men on the street, laying around in parks, what are they going to do when they get so they won't stand for it any longer?"[27]

During the excitement of the Scottsboro case in the summer of 1932, Dos Passos made strong appeals in the liberal press for funds to aid the defendants. "The two youngest Negro boys of the nine victims of the attempted legal lynching in Scottsboro, Alabama, are still in prison," he wrote. "Please send your check to John Dos Passos, Treasurer, National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners."[28]

As Dos Passos reported the Democratic national convention in Chicago in 1932, it was dominated by "the proud suave voice of the National Broadcasting Company." Franklin D. Roosevelt's "plain sensible and unassuming speech" to the crowd that had "yelled itself hoarse for Al Smith three days before" was met by "courteous applause, but no feeling."[29] The G.O.P. rally in New York cheered "a small, dumplingshaped manikin" at the front of a "manikin-packed platform." Peering closely, Dos Passos discerned "among the jowly faces of Republican magnates, the familiar jowls of Herbert Hoover," making a "speech about the grass growing in the streets of a hundred cities," his expressionless face reminding Dos Passos of "the face of a ventriloquist."[30]

In the presidential election of that year, Dos Passos joined with fifty-two other American artists and intellectuals

– including Edmund Wilson, Sherwood Anderson, Erskine Caldwell, Malcolm Cowley, Granville Hicks and others – in support of the presidential candidate of the Communist Party, William Z. Foster.[31] "Hoover or Roosevelt," he concluded, "it'll be the same cops."[32]

Such was the state of mind of John Dos Passos in the year that *Nineteen Nineteen*, the middle volume of his *U.S.A.* trilogy and his third novel dealing with World War I, was published.

ASSASSINATION IN ALGIERS

George E. Melton

An atmosphere of heavy tension hung over the city of Algiers that wartime Christmas Eve of 1942. The Neo-Vichy government of French Africa, which had maintained a precarious existence since the Allied invasion six weeks earlier, braced itself against internal disorders as the Anglo-American military forces moved eastward to engage the Axis armored divisions in Tunisia. At least four conspiracies against the regime were already in motion. The walls of the city bore placards summoning men to revolt, and rumors of new crises spread among the masses. In bars and cafes throughout the city men openly drank toasts "to the death of the Admiral."[1] About mid-morning a lad of twenty, a law student, met his priest in a deserted street to confess the crime he knew he would commit before the end of the day. His confession ended, young Bonnier de la Chapelle rushed off to the Palais d'Ete, presented a forged identity card, and retired to a tiny room off the main corridor to await the arrival of Admiral Jean Francois Darlan, the French High Commissioner of North Africa.[2]

Toward the middle of the afternoon, as Bonnier waited impatiently, an automobile entered the drive and stopped at the south entrance of the Palais d'Ete. Admiral Darlan, a short, blue-eyed man in his early sixties, stepped from the vehicle and walked briskly through the entrance. Accompanied by a naval aide, he continued down the corridor toward the office of the High Commissioner. As the two men paused before the office door, the youthful assassin dashed from a dark corner and fired two shots directly into the chest of the older man. Stumbling through the open door, Darlan struck his face against the corner of the desk and fell to the floor where he lay motionless. In the corridor additional shots were fired as the aide and native guards overwhelmed

and disarmed the lad. The frightened youth was dragged away for interrogation, and Darlan was rushed to a nearby hospital where he died awaiting surgery.[3]

In the shadow of the several tragic political assassinations of the 1960's, historians might be expected to assign little significance to the career and death of this half-forgotten French admiral. During the three decades since the assassination scholars have assigned Darlan increasingly obscure corners of their histories or they have grudgingly accorded him only a footnote. But the Darlan story is in fact worthy of our attention and the assassination is a matter of some historical importance. The story of the assassination contains all the elements of conspiracy and intrigue which can bring history alive and make it interesting, but it is more than just a colorful spy tale. The sudden death of this French statesman had an important impact on the history of World War II and the post-war era.

Darlan's swift rise to political power during the early war years set the stage for his pivotal role in the North African invasion of late 1942. When France fell to the Nazi armies during the spring of 1940, Darlan commanded the powerful and undefeated French fleet. Despite German designs upon it and British efforts to sink it, the fleet remained under Darlan's control. The Admiral therefore held in his hands the key to the balance of naval power in the Atlantic and Mediterranean theatres of war. Darlan quickly gained control of the French government under Marshal Philippe Petain, the Chief of the French State at Vichy, and throughout 1941 and early 1942 the Admiral steered France on a neutral course between the warring camps. But during these difficult months he conferred with Axis statesmen, made generous concessions to them, and emerged with the reputation of an opportunist and collaborator. When he fell from political office in April 1942, however, he retained control of the French fleet and Vichy continued to control the strategically important French territories of North and West Africa.

Even before the importance of French Africa had become evident, the American diplomat Robert D. Murphy had made contact with French underground circles in the region.[4] The underground movement centered in Algiers where a leadership elite, known as The Five, conspired to separate North Africa from Vichy and return the territory to the war on the side of the Allies. While some of these men were dedicated French patriots, others were opportunists of the worst type. Among The Five was Henri d'Astier de la Vigerie, an ardent royalist associated with the mysterious Count of Paris, the Orleanist pretender to the French throne. D'Astier's companion was another royalist, the Abbe Louis Cordier, whose holy orders were obscured by a shady background of intrigue. D'Astier, Cordier, and their associates were competent tacticians, but they needed a colorful, dynamic Frenchman to serve as a symbol of unity for the several French political factions in the area. With the invasion approaching, they enlisted the services of General Henri Giraud, a colorless French officer whose mindless chauvanism far exceeded his limited political talents. Unfortunately, the whole affair was thoroughly bungled. When the American armies landed on the night of November 8, Giraud was nowhere in sight, and when he finally did arrive in Algiers the Vichy military and political establishment ignored him. Only the most fantastic streak of good luck enabled Murphy to avoid a disaster. Admiral Darlan, who through coincidence was in Algiers visiting his ill son, quickly negotiated a cease-fire with the Americans and led French Africa back into the war on the side of the Allies. Shortly thereafter, Washington acknowledged Darlan as High Commissioner in French Africa.[5]

Darlan's cooperation unquestionably advanced Allied military interests, but it also created a host of problems on the home front and in North Africa. An indignant liberal press in both the United States and Great Britain charged that arrangements with "local Quizlings" undermined the

lofty war aims of the Allies. Responding, President Roosevelt labeled the deal with Darlan a "temporary expedient."[6] This announcement, however, weakened the Admiral's government at the very moment when domestic stability in North Africa was so important to the Allied war effort. Moreover, the President's statement nourished the hopes of several anti-Vichy political factions in North Africa. One of these groups, the London-based Free French Movement under General Charles de Gaulle, had not participated in the invasion and had been excluded from the political arrangements. Another faction, The Five and their followers, had been cut off from the main channels of power when the Americans opted for Darlan instead of Giraud. The Admiral attempted to appease The Five with political appointments. D'Astier received the Secretaryship for Information and Military Security, which gave him broad powers over the Algiers police force. Still disgruntled, d'Astier now occupied a pivotal position from which he might either strengthen the regime or conspire against it.[7]

By early December several conspiracies against the Admiral's regime had already been set in motion. The mere suggestion of a monarchist conspiracy in the middle of the twentieth century borders on the fantastic, but efforts to restore the pretender were indeed launched. Henri d'Astier, the chief architect of the monarchist plot, realized that Darlan stood in the way of a truly united French war effort, which would have to include the Gaullist faction. On December 10 the Count of Paris motored to Algiers for conference with d'Astier, and thereafter the conspiracy assumed broader dimensions as other disgruntled Frenchmen, not all of whom were monarchists, joined the group. These men intended the Count to be a mere figurehead, a symbolic leader around whom all patriotic Frenchmen could unite. D'Astier therefore made plans for a provisional government which would hold real power. With the aid of several conspirators recruited from the police department, d'Astier

compiled lists of personnel for the anticipated new government, and he printed proclamations to be held in readiness for the *coup d'etat*. At this point, however, the conspiracy floundered. The Count, who had hoped to ease Darlan out gently with American approval, would have no part of a violent palace revolution. Accordingly, he withdrew from the conspiracy and motored to a nearby suburb to await developments.[8]

Notwithstanding the Count's sudden change of heart, Henri d'Astier continued to conspire against the regime. He probably intended from the beginning to open the door for a Gaullist government in North Africa. On December 19 a mysterious Gaullist emissary arrived from London, ostensibly to discuss military matters with Giraud. When he appeared, the Gaullist emissary turned out to be Francois d'Astier de la Vigerie, Henri's brother. Strangely, the arrival of the Gaullist d'Astier coincided with the approaching maturity of the conspiracy led by the monarchist d'Astier. A meeting between Darlan and Francois d'Astier came to nothing, for the Gaullist emissary wished only to roam about Africa drumming up support for Charles de Gaulle. Upon Darlan's insistence, Francois d'Astier departed North Africa on December 22, but only after he had created a local Gaullist committee whose ranks included his brother and whose purse contained a generous subsidy to advance the Gaullist cause.[9]

Despite its promising beginning, the Gaullist plot never matured, for yet another conspiracy gained its objective before the Gaullists could get fully organized. This third conspiracy centered in a building on Rue Lafayette where Henri d'Astier and the Abbe Cordier shared quarters. The Abbe Cordier associated with several young members of an irregular para-military organization known as the Chantiers de la Jeunesse. Among these youths was Bonnier de la Chapelle, whose fiancee lived in the same building on Rue Lafayette. Thus, Bonnier was on intimate terms with both d'Astier and the priest. Of only average intelligence,

emotionally unstable, and full of youthful enthusiasm, this sensitive and imaginative lad was easily influenced by the older men around him. At the house on Rue Lafayette Bonnier heard that Darlan was a traitor, that patriotic Frenchmen could not support him, and that he stood in the way of French unity. By the end of the third week of December Bonnier had become convinced that the Admiral would have to be destroyed.[10]

Bonnier probably worked out the details of the assassination, but the Abbe Cordier knew of the plan and did not discourage his young friend. The boy obtained a gun from an acquaintance, and from Cordier he obtained a map, scribbled roughly in pencil, of Darlan's headquarters in the Palis d'Ete. From someone in the police department, where the priest headed the Office of Information, the lad gained possession of false identification papers. On the twenty-third, the day before the assassination, Bonnier went again to d'Astier's house where the priest reminded the youth of the Christian sacrament of penance promising remission for even the most sinful of deeds. They then arranged to meet about mid-morning of the next day.[11]

Following the assassination, Bonnier was subjected to intense questioning. He insisted throughout that Henri d'Astier had not been involved in the conspiracy. He admitted, however, that Cordier had heard the confession and provided the map. When asked about his motive, Bonnier answered that he had murdered Darlan because the Admiral was a traitor and because de Gaulle could not serve under him. But de Gaulle would serve, the boy insisted, under an acquaintance of his. "Certain people," Bonnier continued, "spoke to me of this sorry affair, and one of them said: 'Darlan must be done away with.'"[12] But Bonnier did not identify his friends. He spoke only of his belief that they would rescue him in the course of a *coup d'etat* to seize control of the city. He mentioned a "mysterious protector;" and during the night he remarked, "I am very calm. London

is in sight."[13] On Christmas Day, however, the boy was tried and convicted by a French military court. Bonnier calmly listened as his judges pronounced the death sentence, which was scheduled for the following morning. Returning to his cell, the young assassin waited confidently for the revolution which would rescue him, but as the night passed and dawn approached, his confidence waned. Early in the morning he wept, rattled the bars of his cell, and shouted desperately for his friends. They never came, and just before dawn young Bonnier fell before a French firing squad.[14]

Bonnier's crime, like the several political assassinations of the last decade, had important political repercussions; unlike them, the Darlan murder solved more problems than it created. The Admiral's sudden departure relieved London of the embarrassment of dealing with a Neo-Vichy regime at the expense of the favored junior partner, the Free French. American interests were advanced even more by the crime, for by the end of 1942 the Admiral had become more of a liability than an asset. He had outlived his usefulness, and he did indeed, as Bonnier charged, stand in the way of French unity. Moreover, Darlan's Neo-Vichy regime had become Washington's junior partner in the African war, and this relationship undermined confidence on the home front, compromised the idealistic war aims of the Allies, and threatened the stability of the alliance against the Axis. The men of the Kremlin, always suspicious of their capitalist partners in the west, could easily surmise that Washington and London might later be tempted to negotiate similar deals with Axis governments at the expense of the Soviet Union. Moreover, Washington's unilateral creation of a puppet regime in the first liberated territory of the war set a dangerous precedent which the Kremlin might use to justify the creation of puppet regimes in eastern Europe at the time of liberation. Clearly the Admiral's continuing presence meant nothing but trouble, and Washington breathed an unofficial sigh of relief when news of the assassination was received. The

greatest relief, however, was experienced in the London headquarters of Charles de Gaulle. Everyone there knew that a permanent Neo-Vichy regime under Washington's protection could ruin the Free French Movement. Of all the French statesmen in the wartime political arena, Darlan alone was worthy of challenging the General for control of the resistance movement and ultimately of the post-war government of France. The talented, resourceful, and politically astute Admiral was in every way de Gaulle's political equal. In fact, Darlan represented the most dangerous threat ever to the political career of de Gaulle. Bonnier's bullet, which destroyed the Admiral, set the stage for the ultimate triumph of the General.

AN AGE WITHOUT PASSION

Leslie Bullock

> Our age is essentially one of understanding and reflection, without passion, momentarily bursting into enthusiasm and shrewdly relapsing into repose.[1]
>
> Søren Kierkegaard

On every hand we hear of revolution and counter-revolution, cultures and counter-cultures, as the mark of our times. Charles Reich in his *Greening of America*[2] speaks of Consciousness I, Consciousness II, and Consciousness III as three types of American culture. Consciousness I represents the old conservative establishment, exploiting people in the name of freedom. Consciousness II seems to represent liberalism, which has brought about much good, but which cannot divorce itself from the ideas of material progress associated with modern technology and large corporations. Consciousness III is the new youth culture, rejecting the ideals and mores of both I and II, and becoming the wave of the future. Theodore Roszak in *The Making of a Counter-Culture*[3] seems to suggest much the same thing, dealing in more explicit detail with development of what Reich calls Consciousness III.

Certainly "the times they are a-changing." Modes of dress, attitudes toward people and things, sexual mores, life styles – all these are in process of change. But one must ask seriously, is this really a revolution in our culture? Is it really a counter-culture? At the heart of any culture lie its values, those commitments which it holds to passionately. It is these that determine mores, life styles, world views, and the material accoutrements which make up a culture. One must therefore ask of those who claim that we are undergoing a cultural revolution whether there is basically any change of values and whether there is a passion for

these values. If we examine the so-called counter-culture emerging among the young, it would appear that in essence there is very little change of values, and that we are an age without passion for much of anything.

If we examine the dominant culture of our time, the one basic value seems to be success, achieved by establishing oneself in terms of material gain. A nice house, two cars, a savings account, a college education for one's children – these are the marks of success. Underlying this is the desire for recognition by one's peers. But it is precisely at this point that the new culture seems to be cut out of the same piece of cloth. Only the means of achieving that recognition, that success, have changed. Conformity in terms of blue jeans, army fatigues, and fringed suede jackets (and they are expensive!) becomes a new means of acceptance and recognition by one's peers. Instead of hard work, the ability to get by without working is a measure of success. The commune becomes a substitute for the fraternity or civic club. At one point, however, the standard has not changed: the automobile. Both the old and the new culture find in the automobile a most powerful symbol of success and means of acceptance.

Or look at another value of the dominant culture: pleasure. Alcohol, sex, drugs have long been means of escaping from the hum-drum, meaningless routine of life in our culture. But when one looks at the new culture, one finds the same things. So what's new! In both cultures one finds a lack of integrity, a willingness, admitted or unadmitted, to compromise with reality, to escape responsibility in a desperate attempt to be recognized as successful.

Underlying it all is a sameness in the two cultures: neither has a passion for anything. Certainly, as Kierkegaard said of his age, there are momentary bursts of enthusiasm; but these seem to relapse shrewdly into repose. Student enthusiasm for cultural change, evident in the sixties, has now begun to relapse into apathy and boredom. There is much talk, much reflection on the state of things, much

criticism of the externals; but little is done to change the values; because, all in all, the values of both are the same – but without passion. Kierkegaard also said, "If one may say of the revolutionary period that it runs wild, one would have to say of the present that it runs badly."[4] Perhaps this is the most accurate description of our present age also. It runs badly.

Lacking in both passion and a radically new set of values, it is difficult to call this a revolution, or a counter-culture. Rather it seems to be a bit more of the "same old thing" that we have seen in western culture throughout the years. Clothed in a new dress it appears for a time to offer some hope of real change, but in the end it fails.

In the light of all this, it would appear that we need a counter-culture that will bring new life, meaning, and purpose to men. But where are the radically new values to be found? And how is the passion for these values to be generated? At least once in the history of the West such a counter-culture appeared; and for a while, before it was co-opted by the dominant culture, it dramatically changed the lives of men and offered new and viable alternatives. This counter-culture is found in early Christianity and the New Testament. It produced such a dramatic change that it was said of these early Christians, "These men who have turned the world upside down have come here also." (Acts 17:6, RSV)

The essential concept defining these radically new values was "the Kingdom of God" which Jesus proclaimed as dawning and of which he was the sign. This conviction, with its emphasis on the rule, or ruling, of God had its roots in the Old Testament. The Psalmist had said,

> The Lord has established his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom rules over all.
> (Ps. 103:19, RSV)

and again,

> Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endures throughout all generations.
> (Ps. 145:13, RSV)

During the two hundred years before Christ, in the midst of persecution and despair, the idea of the Kingdom of God was conceived in apocalyptic terms. It would come suddenly and without warning, a catastrophic end to history, ushered in by the strange figure, the Son of Man, found in Daniel 7:13. Jesus seems to have stood in this tradition. The dawning of the kingdom was evident in the authority of his teaching and in his miracles of healing.

But this kingdom was hidden except to the eyes of faith, as the parables in Mark 4:1-34 seem to indicate. One could enter it through humbling himself before God in repentance and believing the gospel, committing himself to the will of God in absolute trust. Thus one had to become like a child, recognizing his complete and total dependence upon another (Mark 10:14-15). Though the kingdom was difficult to enter, especially for the wealthy (Mark 10:23-25), it was of absolute value (Mark 9:47). Like the pearl of great price, it was worth any sacrifice (Matt. 13:45-46).

Those who entered this kingdom were motivated by two passions: love for God and love for neighbor, these being responses to God's own love. But it is clear that loving God and neighbor in this absolute way would lead to suffering as an inevitable consequence. Jesus himself saw that this was happening to him, and repeatedly he taught that the Son of Man must suffer, die, and be raised again (Mark 8:31, 9:31, 10:33). Likewise, his disciples must accept the cross in following him, knowing that he who would save his life must lose it (Mark 8:34-38).

These convictions led and lead to a radical shift in values. At the deepest level it was, and is, a shift from the rule of self to the rule of God. Acceptance by God becomes more important than acceptance by one's peers; and this calls for a shift from material to spiritual values; from *things* to love, justice, mercy and the like. Relativisms must be replaced by an absolute standard, the will of God. Nationalisms must be given up for a universal concern for all men.

This was a radical change for the ancient world; and it is no less a radical demand today. Because these values were held then with a consuming passion, they did produce a counter-culture that had a significant and meaningful effect upon the ancient world.

This passion in the early church was produced by the conviction that the End was near; therefore, it was of absolute importance that men should be called to be ready for the End when it came. But there was more to it than that. The early Christians believed that the fulfillment of God's will was a matter of such absolute importance that, in comparison, even life itself was relatively unimportant. Above all, their passion grew out of commitment to a person, Jesus, in whom they believed the full revelation of God's will had been given. In him they found the ultimate meaning of their existence; in him they came to know who they were; in him they found the answer to their "identity crisis." As the Wise Men sing together in Auden's "For the Time Being,"

> To discover how to be human now
> Is the reason we follow this star.[5]

I have argued in this essay that ours is not a revolutionary age, running wild; rather it is a passionless age, running badly. Occasionally, there seem to be rays of hope, but these are quickly dimmed, and we go on interpreting life in terms of the same tired old values that give only momentary meaning to existence. There may be wisdom in considering again the viability of those Christian values which once gave new and passionate meaning to human existence; for a passionless age will gradually choke itself to death in its attempts to understand and reflect upon itself – while really doing nothing about it.

ON RECONCILING THE RIGHT AND THE GOOD

Carl D. Bennett

From the time of Plato the attention of philosophical realists has been directed to a reality that does not depend on mind or the mind's thought. In one way or another, objects of thought and perception have been regarded as existing independently. My inclination identifies me with this way of thinking about reality, for although I admit that the world we "know" is constructed from the world we perceive, I cannot help believing that, independent of my mind or any other mind, something is *there* to be known. That our minds shape what they grasp I do not doubt; but there is something there which our minds grasp in order to shape. And further, if this is not too involuted, the shaping of what is there becomes a part of what is there. This is the only way I can account for the emergence of human values as a part of reality. Without trying to settle the precise nature of "Mind" or of minds, it seems sufficient here only to say that the reality I refer to includes minds as well as what they grasp and shape, concepts as well as what is conceptualized. This reality embraces process as well as pattern, activity as well as relation. The implication here for ethics is that value is bound up in actions as well as in things or objects or states or relations. Virtue inheres in the doing as well as in the habit of doing which, with other habits and tendencies, adds up to a virtuous character. Good attaches to the doing of the deed as well as to the results of the deed.

Now if G. E. Moore's principle of organic unities applies here, an ethical whole may be analyzed in terms of action as well as results of action, in terms of something that exists apart from the completed act and its consequences, something that proceeds in the ever present out of a receding past of motives and tendencies toward the fulfillment of ends.[1] That good attaches to the motives which influence

actions, all moralists seem to agree. That some ends may be defined as good, I think no one would disagree. That good may sometimes attach also to the actions that link motive to consequences seems equally self-evident. The perfect ethical act, in these terms, would be one moving from good motive through good means to a good end; its organic wholeness would imply all three; motive, means, and end. Goodness (by the unqualified term I intend "intrinsic goodness") might attach to any or all three parts of this ethical trinity.

This formula, if not too superficial, seems to recognize Kant's emphasis on the pure goodness of good will, and at the same time to indicate a possible reconciliation of the conflict among intuitive realists like G. E. Moore and Sir David Ross.[2] The "deontological" claim of Ross and others for the priority of right and duty is met in the attention here given to means, or the doing of a right (good) act. The presence in the moral whole of the good and being sought meets the claim of Moore that man's chief duty is to maximize good. It is important that no one of the three elements be emphasized to the exclusion of either of the other two. A pure good will divorced from actions and their consequences is, in our purely human setting, inconceivable. Rational human action is inconceivable apart from motivation and consequences. Most of the goods that human beings bring into being are the results of motivated action. No goods actively sought in the human context could, by definition, be devoid of motivated effort.

Even if the ethical center of gravity is seen to be in the motivated action rather than in the resulting goods, "right action" may be fairly defined as the best way to the good. Notice the word *best*, which suggests that right action itself participates in good. This means that a *doing* may itself be good. If this seems to short-circuit my "formula" consider also that, on this view, *having* a good motive would be a good human experience.

An ethical whole, then, includes not only the "end" goods proceeding from pure good will and right action, but also the goods identified with the motive itself and the action itself. This is why virtues (which in one sense are instrumental to goods) are themselves goods.

It is now necessary to attempt classifying some goods.[3] The ethical theorists are usually parsimonious in the matter of setting out their goods; but my incautious generosity in offering so long a list of goods may indicate more clearly than my attempt at exposition has done, the effort I am making to reconcile Moore and Ross. No hierarchical order is implied in this listing of human goods; overlapping is admitted. Since these goods are man-centered, they are phrased in experiential terms:

WORSHIP – experience of holiness, awe, magnitude, sublimity

HUMAN AFFECTION – fellowship, love of people, love of animals

APPRECIATION OF BEAUTY – art, music, etc.

PHYSICAL ACTIVITY) (vocational and recreational responses

) – (to challenges to our

MENTAL ACTIVITY) (strengths and skills

CREATIVITY – making, shaping, designing, engineering, administering, managing, cooperating

ADVENTURE

DISCOVERY, UNDERSTANDING, AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH

FULFILLING OBLIGATIONS – in its best sense: "to live and let live" justice, in apportionment of goods, reparation, and retribution fidelity, including keeping promises implied and explicit

BUILDING CHARACTER – "improving oneself"
establishing and exercising
virtuous habits and
tendencies

Now a given ethical whole may be bad in the sense that the efforts contained therein in truth lead to bad consequences, but it may be redeemed by the fact that a good means is attempted from good motivation. Or it may be that both means and consequences are bad and still the whole may be redeemed, in disinterested judgment, by the good motives involved. Or it may be that the consequences are so disastrous that, regardless of good intentions and efforts, the total may be judged bad. On the other hand, an ethical whole may include good means and good consequences, yet be judged morally bad because the motive is bad. This is what T. S. Eliot called the final treason, "to do the right deed for the wrong reason."

All of the experiences in the foregoing list are intrinsically good, but they may be included in wholes that are to be judged bad. Worship, or the sense of holiness, may be misplaced or perverted. Human affection may be trivialized. Beauty may be enjoyed selfishly. Physical and mental activity may lead to disastrous consequences. Truth, divorced from love, may be used to hurt or even to destroy. Creativity may be dehumanizing.

What of obligation fulfillment? Obviously it is possible for an unimaginative conscientiousness so to absolutize a given sense of duty that the whole ethical enterprise is perverted.

This human experience, like all others, must be seen in the total ethical context of motive, means, and end. Our focus on "ought," "right," and "duty" in the human situation is a natural one, arising out of the problems of human limitation. Moore, who defines right as that which maximizes good, acknowledges after all that finite man must ultimately depend on traditional forms of conduct because his know-

ledge of relevant circumstances and possible consequences makes the "rightness" of his decision always a guess. Man intuits the good, but his finitude makes it unlikely that he can weigh all the ultimate factors implied in a given situation.

Ross is on surer ground in that we at least can intuit the *prima facie* rightness of certain duties. In a situation of limited knowledge, with the best of motives, we can only act in the hope that maximum good will follow. Yet, when there is a conflict among *prima facie* duties, as often there is, Ross admits that the total right in the situation may require rejection of a given *prima facie* duty, say that of promise-keeping. That is, it may be a *prima facie* duty to keep a promise, but in the given situation our duty may be otherwise. (Our duty, our *total* duty, is equivalent to Ross's toti-resultant duty). The promise may have concerned a relatively trivial matter, or it may have been made under emotional duress, or the consequences of keeping the promise might be too unfortunate, or in some other way this particular promise may be seriously devalued so that the consequence of *not* keeping the promise would complete an ethical whole far superior to the whole that would be completed by keeping that promise.

So practically, it seems to me, Ross comes out approximately where Moore does. In the hard cases of moral choice where *prima facie* duties conflict, our total duty is to fulfill the obligation that offers prospect of bringing the greatest good into being. We analyze our ethical whole into

1) OUR MOTIVES: these we can control only indirectly by willing to improve our character, which improvement comes about from exercise of virtuous habits and tendencies; but undoubtedly in all cases of choice that stimulate our serious ethical consideration, one of the strongest motives affecting decision will be the desire to do our duty

2) THE MEANS WE EMPLOY: these will include various forms of "right action" – just apportionment

of goods available or possible: truth-telling; even manifestations of gratitude or generosity or kindness or mercy (these attitudes move between the desire to do simple justice and the more complex – or at least less analyzable – effects of love)

3) THE GOODS WHICH ARE SET UP AS OUR ENDS.

When we notice that the ultimate goods we aim at are sometimes illusory and frequently uncertain of achievement, and that our motives are but indirectly under our control, it becomes reasonable to concentrate on the means, particularly the means that involve obligation fulfillment or doing our duty, for clearly the fulfillment of these obligations provides proximate goods that are reasonably certain. The experience of the race seems to have taught that the ethical endeavor is a two-way operation. "Right action is the best way to the good" may be construed so as to define right as "that which tends to maximize good;" and the statement also may be construed so as to mean that "doing our duty is the best way of bringing good into being." For, among other good things, doing our duty is a distinctively human activity certainly good in itself and race-tested as likely to bring other goods in its wake.

When we think of it, it is no wonder that obligation fulfillment is usually regarded as a decisive factor in moral judgment. Examining the ethical trinity of motive, means, and end, we find that 1) the desire to do one's duty is a powerful human motive; 2) the right action which is dutiful action is an intrinsic good; and 3) our total duty is to maximize good.

It probably was noted that pleasure as such was omitted from my list of goods. Although this was not an oversight, I have no objection to listing pleasure as a good; but it seems that pleasure is a sort of overtone, usually accompanying the goods listed, but usually sought in vain if sought in pure isolation from any of the goods listed.

I have said that I meant to imply no hierarchical order in

the goods listed earlier. But any effort to anatomize a given ethical whole must search within that totality of goods for the moral elements, because they lend their special force to the total value. They have a peculiar qualitative as well as quantitative effect on any whole. A totality of goods which is lacking in justice, for example, is inferior to a comparable totality which includes justice. No matter how much good may be present, if justice is lacking it falls short of the ideal possibility. To put it more bluntly, injustice taints the good in any whole. This is one implication of Moore's principle of organic unities, the doctrine that a whole has a value different from the sum of the values of its parts.

For another example, an ethical whole containing splendid consequences may yet be inferior to a whole containing less rich consequential goods but including a significant duty well done.

Whatever I have implied in this discussion about moral judgment has assumed a meaningful concept of free will. Moral judgments of "good," "bad," "right," "wrong" imply responsibility. Responsibility implies freedom to choose. Although character is such that a certain consistency of action may be predicted, and even deliberate choices operate within the framework of established habit, nevertheless habits are themselves shaped by countless previous actions, some of which are deliberate, and these habits are never consistent to the degree of accuracy assumed of scientific law. A man's character may be such that we can bank on his telling the truth, yet there is always the possibility that in spite of well-established habits of truth-telling, in a particular situation, the man will deliberately choose to lie. I can but believe also that the congenital liar may on occasion, by a supreme moral effort, tell the truth.

My conclusion about moral activity is that in the light of our best moral experience, when a hard particular case arises we should delay impulsive action as long as the exigency will permit, to examine the situation, dealing with it accord-

ing to our best knowledge and belief. Then we must act, hoping that our habits are good enough, our experience adequate enough, our intelligence adaptable enough to produce a right decision. The right action, we may expect, will add significantly to the total structure of goods, but at the same time our choice will mean, at least in the hard cases, that other goods will have been repudiated and lost. This is a tragic reality in human freedom and experience. The new values arising from the moral choice will be rationalized and systematized into the emerging reality of existence. We shall have grasped reality and to this extent shaped it.

IV Prose Fiction And Poetry

NEAR CENTRAL PARK POND

Ronald H. Bayes

He was more taken with her than any woman he had seen since getting back to America from his infantry time in Germany. Really he had not been too fond of German girls. And two years is two years.

He followed her onto the plane wondering at her wearing furs in July. While he was still wondering, by God, it had turned out to be a quinella! And such odds! But sure enough the only empty seat left in tourist class was beside her. It was like that occasion in Ireland when he met Sarah Pulney on the tour bus.

Warder began a conversation with the girl five minutes off the ground. She turned out, as he had hoped, or suspected, to be very sophisticated – but friendly. She was named Mariane and her English accent was real. She gave him a card and it proclaimed her a vice president of a ladies wig organization in New York.

It was a short flight for Warder. He was to get off at Medford and do the Shakespearean Festival near-by. But he wished he were going on to San Francisco! How he wished! – and on to New York with Mariane. But his new job would take him to New York, or anyway through it, in August and Mariane seemed to be genuinely sincere when she said "do stop over." She had even put her unlisted home phone number on her business card.

September 2. And the United flight, like the summer, had been shortened by preoccupation with many thoughts of Mariane. Warder would be in New York for four days, then off on his other work. He did wish he could afford a hotel where he could ask Mariane for a drink and hopefully romance, but it was out of the question. He'd simply have to stay at Sloane House again and hope to be invited to her place.

At nervous three the voice said "Warder, my dear! I got your note last week and I'm *so* eager to see you again. But I do have dinner this evening, so why don't you come by the office and we'll have longer together by having our cocktails there, not wasting taxi time."

It added, "Then, if you're free we can do a repeat at my place tomorrow night before I accept *your* lovely dinner invitation."

"I hate to bother you at work," Warder said. "Shall we just say tomorrow instead?"

"Of course not, Dear – it's absolutely no bother to me! A complete pleasure. Now hurry and get a cab before rushes start."

The office of Masque Moderne was all business to the eye. Grey and buff. Pictures of wigs and models, but of course none of the real things cluttered the already rushed, crowded executive section.

Max, Mariane's president, was introduced to Warder and then she drew him slightly aside. "Darling," she whispered, "I'm so damned sorry – but our newest account from Minneapolis just walked in unannounced, ten minutes ago. I can cope for ten or fifteen with him and let Max at him alone then. Meantime there are magazines here and help yourself to drinks." She put bottles of Grand Dad, J&B, and soda on the desk top from a mini-cabinet that was complete with ice compartment.

Warder thought he upped his stock with Mariane by saying "I really prefer mine with no ice." After all she was an English citizen.

Mariane pursed her lips. "I'll hurry," she said.

But fate wasn't passive this day, either. No quinellas. When she returned her phone would not stop ringing. A rapid conversation in French came first, then someone obviously male was on the line and it sounded like an attorney with whom she was having dinner later. Third came someone she

called "John," with whom she was curt with "Must you call me at work all the time," etc., and then a businessman she shunted to Max.

Warder finished his fourth drink and Mariane was on her second as it neared six.

When they went down in the elevator together, Mariane apologized again. "Darling," she said, "these are typical office hectics. I can hardly wait for our quiet time tomorrow."

It was raining all morning and by afternoon it was a downpour. Warder called Mariane at three to ask when he should pick her up.

"Why don't you not. Just get a cab and go right to my place. If I have trouble getting one because of the rain, the maid will let you in. It'll be easier and much simpler this way. Leave your room about 4:30 at the latest to try to beat the rush, My Dear," she added.

And of course he was early. The maid, Celestine, as it turned out, was huge and black, and spoke only French. Warder was still attempting to make his guestly legitimacy clear when two children galloped into the foyer. The girl was five or six, the little boy about three, Warder guessed.

"He's all right, Celestine," said the former. "Mama told me about him too." Then she said it in French. It was all news to Warder: Mariane hadn't mentioned children, black Haitian maids, or husbands.

"I knew it was either you or Daddy; my name's Victoria," said the femme. "I'm six and you're Warder, and this is my brother, Weldon."

"I'm three," said Weldon as he shook hands with Warder. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight," Warder said.

"Mama is thirty-two and Daddy is thirty-one," Weldon said.

Things were getting simultaneously clearer and more confused. "When will your Mommy and Daddy be home?"

Warder asked.

"Daddy doesn't live here," Victoria fairly snapped; "we don't like him much any more."

"I do," said Weldon.

"He comes visiting three times a week," Victoria said. "Let's wait and meet Mama at the door."

Each child took a hand, and quite aside from the "wait" suggestion led Warder into the living room.

"I'm already thinking what I want for Christmas. Would you like to hear?" asked Victoria.

"Of course," said the guest.

Mid the interminable list, Master Weldon mounted Warder's knee and by squints and pokes adequately indicated that a game of horsey, and nothing else, was appropriate. This he did without interrupting the description of dolls, toys, and clothing, given in loving, intricate detail by his sister, as she hammered her Christmas desires.

The wild game of horsey was beginning to upstage Victoria, eventually, but before conflict could set in the door chimes rang and the children ran to the entryway, barely outdistancing the grim Celestine.

It was Mariane, laden with packages and apologies for all. The rain had made cabs nearly impossible to get.

In a matter of five minutes Celestine – who had made portable suppers for the children – had served them up in the TV room and the last Weldon would see of them was with the shutting of the door by Victoria.

Mariane mixed a generous pitcher of martinis and they relaxed – at last – over small chat of theater, sport and travel. Pleasant trivia. They held hands during the second martini and kissed ever-so-lightly at the start of the third, by way of toast. It was cozy with the rain out – and relaxed. And the faint sound of the rain made it even more snug and special. Until the door chime sounded.

"My husband, John, I suppose, come to see the children," said Mariane. "He'll just visit a minute, then he can go to

the TV room. If you don't mind I'll introduce you and you can visit while I change. Then let's eat out tonight, if he's here, and we'll have dinner here next time – tomorrow if you can make it."

Warder agreed, there being nothing else to do.

Over her shoulder, on the way to the door, "He's really nice enough – but awfully dull," she said.

And indeed he was both. And rather warm under the perfect Brooks Brothers charcoal grey and stylish executive hat. He said he lived across town now, in a room, and Warder was afraid to picture that suit hanging in a room a junior exec could afford after paying for child support, a posh apartment in the East Sixties, and a full-time maid. John seemed to like his advertising job a good bit, but still he was not what one could call enthusiastic, Warder thought.

Gorgeous now, Mariane reappeared. "John, the children are watching television, if you'd like to join them. Warder and I have to dash to dinner. Celestine's gone so you can let yourself out and lock behind, if you will, since we'll be rather late."

"Of course," John said. "Enjoyed the talk."

"I did too," Warder said.

"Pity he's such an intolerable ass," said Mariane in the elevator. "No sense of ambition. I'll be glad to move back to London with the children next year if Max still sees clear to let me open a branch there." She added, "Really, Warder, I get frightfully tired of New York sometimes, and especially of John's hangdog face three times a week."

"I understand," he said.

They had a good, late dinner, but conversation tended to drag. After, they returned to the chic apartment. The master bedroom was big and well-insulated. It seemed the only thing to do, Warder supposed. But it was unsatisfactory, really. Any passion was acted, on his part, and far from a pleasure for either, Warder knew.

At 4:30 he slipped out of bed, as they'd agreed, for

children often wake so early.

And he let himself out the door. And as he went down in the elevator he wondered if his face had a hangdog expression. He felt damned dull – maybe even like an ass.

SEVEN POEMS

Andrew Oerke

Black Christ

Some say that Jesus was a Negro
and once I saw him in Mexico
City in the cathedral, sagging
on a cross, black as Louis Armstrong.
His ebony agony sang
spirituals, the muscles and bones
jutting and jagged in resistance
to the slack solo of his weight;
and all the jazz and racket of death
was in his posture, and all the
stretched-out eloquence of a hurdler.

It was suffering that painted
him black and sculpted the climax
of his final dance. Sprung like a jack,
he hung impaled on the cross hairs
of a sight at the split-second
of impact, with his swarthy face
buckled blindly on one shoulder;
or he seemed not to wish to see
who maimed him, so shuttered his eyes
and listened to the beat in his loins.
His arms stuck out like two trombones.

In back of him hung a red velvet
curtain that was cloyed with tarnished
silver hearts, as though his subjects
were in hock to him, and at his feet
candles guttered in scarlet cups,

the ephemeral jewels of the poor.
I watched the Mississippi night
of his soul, and pondered the jive
of his gospel, till he became
an icon in the cathedral
again, black statue with real hair.

The Fox

Dressed in his pelt of despair, the fox became
the Christ. As when a flaming vessal blends
into the fathoms, fox fires lend the same
ghastly glow to the Negro night and end
with crippled snouts up-turning on the loam.

Overland the coats come riding rein
behind a Calvary of hounds, red coats
red as powder burns, the wave-length of a stain.
Though he touches quiet paws, spiritual moats
keep out the hunter from the fox's pain.

Harvest

Even after sunshine rang the crop
of harvest bells so that the seeds like little
clappers chimed the bins and barns and carts,
the licit gleaning wove the ground to make
a fourth season, and the year a measure.

The barley eyes dissolve to gold perception,
the sun stares back as night observes the blind,
and, in the liquefaction of the glass,
where, grain by grain, decays the hour, one
by one, the reapers row across the chaff.

Rite

The maypole is prepared.
The children shift from haunch
to haunch, inventing joy
before it happens. Launch
your streamers, kids, decay
the wind into your palms.

Around the maypole skip
and play before the light
of day is gone. Beware
the tangle of the night
with steps that see a star
rise only, lonely, in a dream.

The Long Distance Runner Among Dogwoods

In the woods in a white rising
of tea cups, mobiles of dogwood
anchor the air and around them twigs
like candelabra kindle the sun
with sparks as bright as stained-glass green.
Running these aisles down nave and apse
in one cathedral after another,
I believe I could jog long and long
these woods are so shent of my death
and so to the inklings of my ankles.

Hawk on the Roadside

The yellow legs and beak,
part bone, part lightning,
and the tufts of yellow

by the dark, deep eyes
set off the buff breast
and the brown and black folded wings –
the blade was in its sheath.

A white bone protrudes
where the bullet knocked
it through, pushing a thumb
of flesh out of the feathers.
He who dropped in flight
through sudden hoops of air,
killing hunger, will breed worms.

Tires crunch over gravel,
trailing a flag of dust,
and the farmer's sharpshooting boy
whose rifle split the eye
that stared at life and death
picks up that steep heart
out of the beating sky.

Serengeti Sunset

Miles and miles of giraffes galloping
through slow motion above the pickled bones
of Zinjanthropus, foot after foot of lions'
claws culling savannah, and lolliping,
lolliping, steps the ostrich without stooping
and leopard spots dance on the heat's muscles rippling.

Wrapped in blowsy capes the register of dung,
with tourists peeping at their genitals,
the Masai post like high cranes by their cattle.
They do not change; the sky never changes, hung
as it is with that splendid medallion,
except at sunset when it mingles milk with blood and urine.

FOUR POEMS

Ames Arnold

I

Move across land, minds, and flesh.
we are home in the sunrise
    the home to those other worshippers of
    the strength and love of the human body.
My fingers, the eyes of my touch go and
    are met with joy and a filling.
A filling to again rejoice in.

And I do not forget the proud yet
    so uncertain young life – the smile
    of faith in me.
I must learn all I can
    and reach patience
    if nothing else.

II

Freeze to the tune
    of oompah-oompah.
blood pressed
smoked goosebreast
churned and mashed
as the strangers meet face to face
and come out incoherent.

III

And never before tonight
did I learn it is true –
there was a voice.
He has gone the way of my dreams.
We ask and turn away
    to sort random opinions
    and live eternity.

IV
John D.: A personal Encounter

And we have walked
    until his hands burst
    like bruised, swollen bananas.
For we would hurry
heated and trusting
defiant of nothing
pleased in the circus.

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Compiled by Robert F. Davenport*

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NOTES TO THE ESSAYS

I. "The Dean: An Educator's Complementary Modes"

1. This essay could not have been written without the generous assistance of Robert Davidson's younger brother, Chalmers Davidson, Professor of History and Director of the Library at Davidson College. He not only provided important information and sources, but proved to be a sparkling and humorous informant. Thanks are also due the Historical Foundation of the Presbyterian and Reformed Churches, Montreat, North Carolina, for information concerning dates and places not otherwise identified.
2. Vol. XXVII, No. 4 (December, 1941) 701–708.
3. Vol. II, No. 4 (July, 1948) 328–335.
4. Dick Brown, "Tarheel of the Week," *The Raleigh News and Observer* (June 2, 1968).
5. *Ibid.*

II. "The Classics and Contemporary Crises"

1. Hesiod's *Theogony* is usually analyzed in terms of its age of creation in the 8th century B.C., and is consequently contrasted with the other myths mentioned above (for instance, as in the instructive study by Norman O. Brown in his introduction to the *Theogony* in *The Library of Liberal Arts*). However, to do this is to ignore the fact that Hesiod writes as a product of the Iron Age operating upon mythical material inherited from the earlier Bronze Age, material which is in its essentials remarkably similar to the other myths from this Age.
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III. "Education for Reverence: A Tract for our Times"

1. From an unpublished essay by Paul Ramsey, Professor of Religion at Princeton University. I have drawn freely upon Professor Ramsey's insights concerning the modern cultural dilemma in the West.

2. *Ibid.*
3. *Ibid.*
4. From an address delivered by Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel at a Seminar on Religion in a Free Society at the World Affairs Center in New York City, May 5–9, 1958. This address was published in "An Occasional Paper" entitled "Religion and Freedom," a report on the seminar by Donald McDonald, sponsored by the Fund for the Republic, Inc., 1958.
5. *Ibid.*
6. *Ibid.*
7. From an address by the late Father Gustave Weigel, S.J., at the seminar mentioned above in connection with Rabbi Heschel.

IV. "The Humanizing Effects of Black Literature in the Liberal Arts College"

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V. "Science in Liberal Education – A New Urgency"

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VII. "Camus on Capital Punishment"

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2. *Theatre, Recits, Nouvelles,* p. 1918, notes to pp. 1200–01.
3. *Reflexions sur la Guillotine,* p. 1025.
4. *Ibid.*, pp. 1024 and 1031.

VIII. "John Dos Passos in the Nineteen-Twenties"

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2. *Ibid.*, 4.
3. I argue this position at some length in my doctoral dissertation, "John Dos Passos and World War I: The Literary Use of Historical Experience" (University of South Carolina, 1968).
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12. Chamine, *Suite francaise,* II, 480.
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X "An Age Without Passion"

1. Soren Kierkegaard, *The Present Age* (New York, 1940) 3.
2. Charles Reich, *The Greening of America* (New York, 1970).
3. Theodore Roszak, *The Making of a Counter-Culture* (New York, 1969).
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XI. "On Reconciling the Right and the Good"

1. For George Edward Moore's understanding, see his *Principia Ethica* (Cambridge, 1903), and his *Ethics* (London, 1912).
2. For Sir David Ross's views, see his *The Right and the Good* (Oxford, 1930), and his *Foundations of Ethics* (Oxford, 1939).
3. Moore says that this is "one of the most profitable things which can be done in Ethics." See his *Ethics,* 249.

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